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PAN AMERICAN

Comment Of The Day

DECLINE IN SOCCER

At the onset of another football season, the state of soccer in Hongkong is causing grave concern to a large number of people. They are the fans who have seen the Colony drop from the leading ranks of Asian soccer to a place near the bottom. Yet the clubs appear to be oblivious to the decline and certainly little is being done to put Hongkong back among the foremost ranks.

The recent showing of the local team in the Merdeka Cup, particularly the September 6 match against Malaya was, according to press agency reports, a particularly discreditable encounter. One report said the match "appeared to be clearly a staged managed game." People overseas cannot be expected to watch football like this. Nor can Hongkong expect touring teams to consider it worth their while to play against the kind of players now chosen to represent the Colony.

REASONS for the decline? There are probably many but the Hongkong Football Association would do well to conduct a searching, impartial inquiry into the decline of Hongkong soccer and to make recommendations aimed at restoring the Colony's lost supremacy. This inquiry should begin immediately because the longer the decline is allowed to continue the worse the game will get and the lower our prestige will sink.

The thoroughness with which an investigation is conducted will determine how effective the reforms will be. One of the most important requirements seems to be a first-class coach. Unless the bold action we urge is taken, not only will our reputation suffer overseas but the local game will cease to attract the big following it has built up in recent years. Hongkong fans demand a far brighter and higher standard of soccer this coming season. The Football Association and the individual clubs must ensure it.

SCOTTISH COAL MINE DISASTER

Rescue Work For 47 Men Abandoned

Glasgow, Sept. 18. Rescue workers admitted defeat tonight and retreated from the "puro hell" of flames and fumes a mile down where 47 miners were dead or doomed. The burning mine will be flooded. Rescue work was abandoned late tonight when fire damp, the dread coal gas which asphyxiates quickly and explodes easily, was encountered by rescue teams.

ACCUSED OF HACKING SONS TO DEATH

Sydney, Sept. 18. Reginald Johnson, 37, a farm-hand, caused his two sons to stand in a shaft before chopping them to death with a tomahawk, police alleged in a Gunnedah court today. It was further alleged that he then set fire to the bag-shrouded bodies in a live foot grave after covering them with clothing and pieces of wood.

100 Years Gaoi

Sydney, Sept. 18. David Joseph Scanlon, 29, was today sentenced to a total of more than 100 years imprisonment on 18 charges involving offences against women and girls. Scanlon had pleaded guilty to the charges on September 7. Police had testified that Scanlon admitted he was the "Kingsgrove Slaughter" who had terrorised women in Kingsgrove and other Sydney suburbs for three years. —China Mail Special.

Podola Accused Of Being A Faker

London, Sept. 18. A psychiatrist today accused Gunther Podola charged with the murder of a policeman, of faking amnesia. If Podola succeeds in proving that he has amnesia he might avoid being tried for the murder of Det. Sergeant Raymond Purdy.

Dr Denis Leigh said he had examined Podola ten times. He said Podola was faking amnesia and was accurately from a hundred down to seven. The doctor suggested would tend to prove that the accused was an intelligent fake.

INTELLIGENT The doctor declared that under examination Podola was able to subtract seven accurately from a hundred down to seven. The doctor suggested would tend to prove that the accused was an intelligent fake.

The close of the hearing was marked by the dramatic intervention of Podola's counsel. He said new information worthy of consideration had been received from a witness but refused to elaborate.

The present issue is to decide whether or not Podola is fit to plead.

On Monday, defence witnesses will be called to the stand. —AFP.

Franciscans Lose Jobs

Singapore, Sept. 18. The Singapore Government has terminated the services of eight Franciscan sisters at a Government leper settlement. The Health Ministry said this was in line with the Government's economy programme. —Reuters.

The Golden Ram

Melbourne, Sept. 18. Princess Alexandra was presented with a solid gold model of a ram when she visited sheep exhibits after opening the Melbourne Royal Agricultural Show today. —Reuters.

Clash Over Chapel

Warsaw, Sept. 18. Police using tear gas clashed with patients at the sanatorium of Olwoc, a small town about 10 miles south east of Warsaw, it was learned today. It broke out after workmen arrived to begin removing the sanatorium's Catholic chapel, to another site in the hospital grounds. —AFP.

Nigeria's Fear

London, Sept. 18. Britain's leading atomic physicist, Sir William Penney, has assured Nigeria that it has nothing to fear from French atomic tests in the Sahara, it was reliably reported here today. —AFP.

57 Bodies Recovered From House Collapse

Barietta, Sept. 18. Fifty seven bodies have up to now been recovered from the debris of an apartment building which collapsed on Wednesday morning. Fifteen more victims are feared still missing. Rain has hampered rescue operations. The authorities today located and placed under arrest the contractor responsible for the structure. The engineer who drew up the plans was arrested yesterday. The building was new. It literally disintegrated. Not one piece of the structural pre-stressed concrete has been recovered. An official government inquiry is under way and the question of the disaster will be considered by the Italian Senate. —AFP.

Macmillan Speaks Of 'The Risk We Are Running'

London, Sept. 18. The Prime Minister Mr Harold Macmillan said today the Conservative party is running one risk in the next elections — that of being too satisfied with itself.

The Premier was addressing a campaign meeting in Bromley, Kent, which he has represented for 14 years.

The Premier said "Let us be confident but not complacent. If the British Government is to be armed with the authority it needs in these critical years let the verdict be clear, unambiguous, overwhelming."

Underlining Mr Macmillan attacked the Labour Party which he described as "inoculated with the fatal poison of Marxist socialism." If Singapore's air defences were to be modernised, with the introduction of the Javelin fighters, nothing had been said about Hongkong.

The Colony's present air defences consist of a squadron of Venom fighter-bombers based at Kai Tak (No. 28 Squadron). As far as replacements go, the spokesman said, "One can expect that the RAF squadron at Kai Tak will be re-equipped as far as the overall modernisation policy of the Air Ministry dictates."

He declared that after eight years of Conservative Government the social differences and divisions between rich and poor had almost disappeared in Britain.

"There is now full employment, prices have been stable for some 18 months and at the same time spending on social welfare has increased," Mr Macmillan said.

"These material benefits," he added, "must not become our masters. They must remain our servants."

Main Duty

Speaking of underdeveloped nations, the Prime Minister said, "If there are not now two nations in Britain there are, alas, two classes of nations in the world — the rich and the poor."

With her new economic strength, Britain through overseas investment could play her part in raising standards in the underdeveloped countries. Her main duty, of course, is the Commonwealth. —AFP.

Javelins For Hongkong?

No notification has been received here that Gloster Javelin jet fighters are to be based in Hongkong, a Royal Air Force spokesman said this morning. He added that although it had been officially stated that Singapore's air defences were to be modernised, with the introduction of the Javelin fighters, nothing had been said about Hongkong.

The Colony's present air defences consist of a squadron of Venom fighter-bombers based at Kai Tak (No. 28 Squadron). As far as replacements go, the spokesman said, "One can expect that the RAF squadron at Kai Tak will be re-equipped as far as the overall modernisation policy of the Air Ministry dictates."

Little Rock Man Gaoled

Little Rock, Sept. 18. A lifetime five-year prison term was today handed down on truck driver J. D. Sims 35, found guilty of attempting to blow up the Little Rock School Commission premises on September 7.

Judge William Kirby handed out the maximum penalty after hearing Sims explain that he did not want his daughter to go to school with niggers. —AFP.

Typhoon's Toll

Seoul, Sept. 18. South Korean police tonight reported that typhoon Sarah which swept across South Korea on Thursday had killed 240 people. About 500 people were missing. —Reuters.

Mr K Tells UN His Proposals For Disarmament

United Nations, Sept. 18. Mr Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Prime Minister, proposed to the United Nations General Assembly today that all countries should disarm themselves completely within four years.

He summed up his proposal: All land armies, navies and air forces should cease to exist; Military educational establishments closed; Foreign military bases abolished; Nuclear bombs destroyed and their further production prohibited.

NO GUARANTEE Mr Khrushchev, making his eagerly-awaited speech to the General Assembly, declared that so long as there existed weapons and so long as young men were taught to wage war and military operations were working out, there was no guarantee of peace.

All international problems would then be resolved not by peaceful means but by force of arms, he said. The delegates of the 81 members of the United Nations attending the session maintained a total silence while Mr Khrushchev spoke.

Mr Khrushchev said if the western powers did not manifest their willingness for complete and general disarmament, the Soviet Union was prepared to negotiate with states a partial agreement.

PROPOSALS

In such a case he made these proposals: Creation of a zone of control inspection with a reduction of foreign troops in Western Europe; The creation of an atom free zone in central Europe; Withdrawal of all foreign troops and liquidation of bases; A non-aggression pact between the Nato states and the Warsaw Pact nations.

An agreement on question of nuclear attacks. The Soviet Prime Minister, making his first-ever appearance at the United Nations Assembly, in a history-making, 6,000-word speech also called for the sealing of the Peking Government. Mr Khrushchev appealed to the United Nations to aid the industrially under-developed nations and pledged the Soviet Union's co-operation in this economic assistance.

The Soviet leader referring to the work of the United Nations itself insisted that the principle of veto in the Security Council must be maintained. He said: "There are those who come out against the veto. But if there is no veto there will be no international organisation; it will fall apart."

Britain, France, the United States, the Soviet Union and China, as the five great power founders of the organisation have the right of veto in the 11-member Security Council.

NOT NEW

Later Mr Christian Herter, the United States Secretary of State, told reporters the disarmament plan offered to the General Assembly today by Mr Nikita Khrushchev was not a new proposal.

First feeling in diplomatic quarters in London about the disarmament speech by Mr Khrushchev, was one of disappointment at the apparent lack of practical proposals in it.

Paris Foreign Office officials said in private conversation they considered the Khrushchev suggestion as a clever propaganda move.

At the same time they thought that while it was not meant to be taken literally, the Khrushchev suggestion might be the Soviet leader's very personal way of indicating his general willingness to reach understanding and ensure successful coexistence between East and West.

Moscow radio, in a home service broadcast tonight described Mr Khrushchev's U.N. speech as "remarkable and wonderful." —Reuters.

Four MPs Made Peers

London, Sept. 18. Mr Herbert Morrison, former Labour Foreign Minister, was among four members of Parliament elevated to the peerage when Queen Elizabeth dissolved Parliament today. —UPI.

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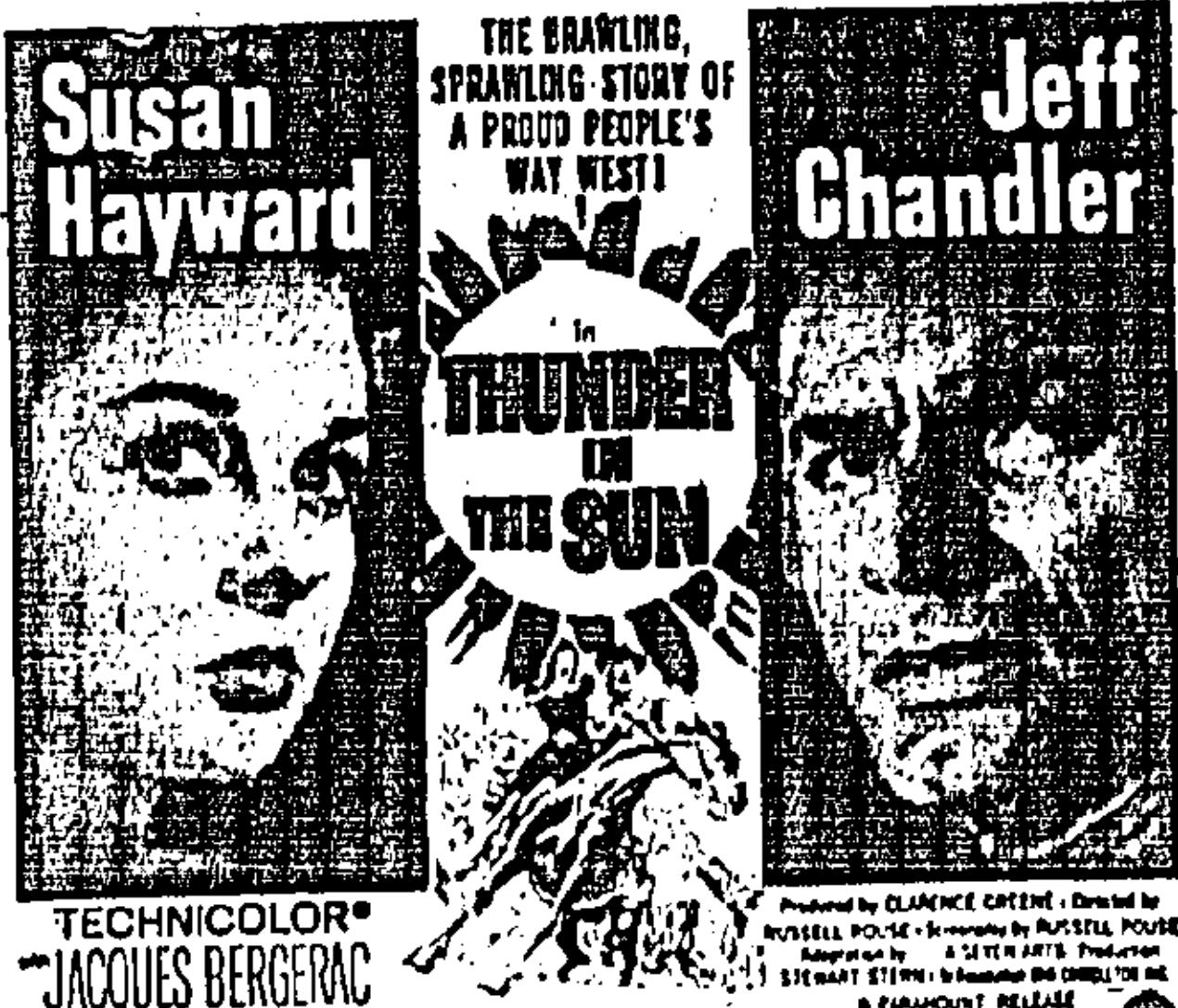
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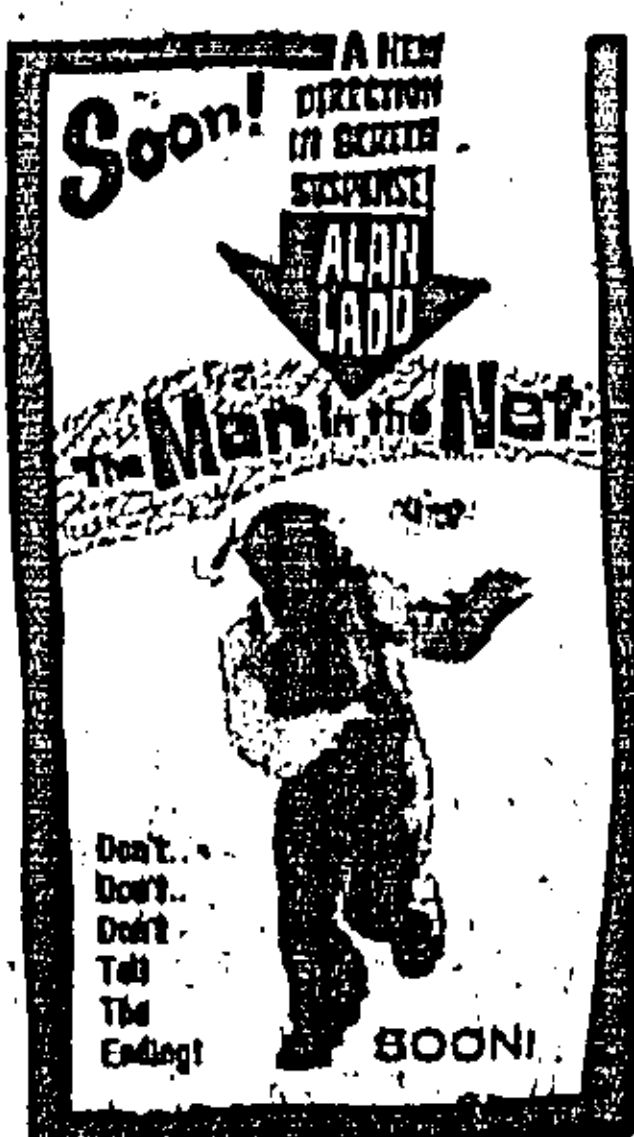
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S "NORTH BY NORTHWEST"

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COLOR CARTOONS
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.
Burt Lancaster • Virginia Mayo in
"FLAME AND THE ARROW"
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Walt Disney's
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FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"NORTH BY NORTHWEST" (Hoover and Gala) is Alfred Hitchcock at his very best. My reason for so saying is, in this film he is given the plot he loves to play with. "North By Northwest" is really an inspired nightmare. Not the kind of nightmare that vanishes with a scream, but the kind that persists, in which you find you have committed crimes which you are perfectly incapable of committing, but of which there is ample evidence you did.

Or things that change before your eyes. Criminals you accuse of ghastly deeds become kindly tolerant folk to your face, annoyed, and justifiably so, that you bring the police along, but helpful, forbearing, and absolutely without malice. Bookcases that hold sinister evidence to support the charge you brought against your sinister enemies, prove to be no more than bookcases when examined by the police.

So now the incubus persists, and refuses to vanish before your waking eyes. Someone is guilty, at first of only a peccadillo, but now it is murder, and all you have done is evidence against you.

You know you are innocent, but all roads lead to guilt. Sanity demands an explanation, but the only explanation remaining is that your dopple-ganger has been about the business.

So you hasten away, direction, north by northwest.

Cary Grant, perfectly trimmed for such a role, is the casual, smart, easygoing, man of affairs, one of thousands, until he stumbles into a world of fantastic chimera. He handles the role excellently, from indignation to doubt, from doubt to horrible certainty, then flight, north by northwest.

Eva Marie Saint is the inevitable woman in such a situation. Charming, yet blasé; perturbed, but cool; undisturbed by paper headline proofs, relying upon intuition, so you think until nightmare heaps upon nightmare.

James Mason in Mr. Nightmare himself, a veritable flying Mr. Sandman, who brings terrible dreams to reality. I think for plot, pace, scene, and action, Alfred Hitchcock has found the perfect agency for his genius as master of thrillers.

It is his skillful wedding of contradictions which gives this incubus of fear. Terror in telephone booths; alarm in wagon-lits; horror in quiet dwellings; and fear in lonely places.

Well, my friends, I recommend to you Master Hitchcock, and happy VistaVision Technicolor nightmares to you all.

ONCE more the wagons run west, this time in "Thunder in the Sun" (King's and Princess).

This is a roaring, brawling, stock-whipping, drama of lust in the dust, which re-assembles montage form before my eyes, for every major States film company have set the wagons rolling, and brought out the Red Indians on the war-path, released their film simultaneously, until the senses reel before the sickening blows, and the stomach is nauseated by ersatz blood liberally spread upon the faces of the bold outdoors.

This time, Susan Hayward hits the trail, and as I saw it, she is a fiery French vixen who turns the film red in tooth and claw. Tempers are lost as easily as pocket books in Queen's Road, and blows are given and received with reciprocal brutality.

Again, as I saw it, the caravan seeks a pleasant valley where the rolling green hills will afford abundant hospitality to some precious vines whose grapes will yield the exuberant juice which in turn will make Champagne in some far and foreign field.

But the slender vines need water, and one or two dubious characters are unable to appreciate the fact that the vines have first claim on a rapidly diminishing supply.

So out comes the serpentine whip which cuts through flesh and vines with equal ease.

Jeff Chandler is the snowy haired character in the face of colourless violence, and Miss Susan Hayward fumes and explodes with all the fury, but with far less reason, in the



Cary Grant walks into a nightmare in "North By Northwest," showing at the Hoover and Gala.

manner of her Academy winning role.

Wagon wheels, endlessly turning. Dust and gunsmoke, crimson arrows, all this appeals to even the most urban of us at times, but why do not the distributors spare them out, instead of descending upon us in bulk? The box office would present far richer returns. If we were not stunned and choked, by five gigantic outdoor efforts in four weeks.

PREVIEW

"DANGER WITHIN" (Roxy and Broadway) is another variation on the theme prisoner of war, escape. It is good, make no mistake about it, but it is far too late. The subject is out at the elbows and knees, moth fodder plain and simple.

Authentic I grant you; directed by a firm hand; raw dialogue; estimable acting, fine thrilling plot of a stooge planted among the p.o.w.s; in every department excellent, but the time is out of joint.

No girls, no giggles, this is a strong brew for strong men, as masculine as a stag smoker, and therein lies the content that places it among the good escape series of films.

Someone blows the gaff every time an escape attempt

is made: who is the traitor, the danger within? The Prisoner-of-War camp is set in Italy, the camp commandant as nasty a piece of fascist rubbish as ever shouted "duce," plants the stooge. Richard Todd, and Richard Attenborough are the fanatical

escape leaders, while debonair Michael Wilding, and reliable Bernard Lee and Peter Arne, support a robust lead. The revelation, the justice, and the escape itself place this film right up top. A man's film from the word "go."

FILM BRIEFS

Fox To Have
US\$60,000,000
Programme For 1960

SPYROS P. SKOURAS, 20th Century-Fox President, declared his continued "faith and optimism in the motion picture industry" by announcing jointly with executive producer Buddy Adler a 40-picture, US\$60,000,000 production programme for 1960, along with a production schedule into 1961.

The announcement, part of a speech by Mr Skouras to the Company's branch and advertising-publicity Managers, came after receipt of a wire from Mr Adler to the meeting, detailing the production schedule.

In addition to the announced list of product, which Mr Skouras said: "...shows the exhibitor that he will be

guaranteed a steady flow of top quality motion pictures for the next two years." Mr Adler revealed that more than 60 films are in various stages of production—from scripting to casting to filming and that the Company has more than 28 completed screenplays, the highest in 20th's history.

In addition to pictures currently ready for release between now and the end of 1959 which Mr Adler said represented an investment of more than US\$20,000,000, several of the pictures were listed. They are: Jerry Wald's "The Story on Page One," Sydney Boehm's "Seven Thieves," Lord Dunsborough's "Sink the Bismarck," Mark Robson's "From the Terrace," Mervyn Leroy's "Wake Me When It's Over," Walter Wagner's "Cleopatra," Jerry Wald's "The Billionaire," Samuel Earl's "The Story of Ruth," John Lee Mahin and Martin Rackin's "The Alaskans," Ella Kazan's "Time and Tide," David Weisbass's "The Live Wire," Walter Wagner's "The Dud Avocado."

Also for release during 1960-61 are the following: Darryl F. Zanuck's Productions, "Crack in the Mirror," Richard Zanuck's "Requiem for a Nun," "Balad of the Red Rock," "De Luxe Tour," "The Fish Don't Bite," "The Big Gamble," "Palate," "The Secret of Lily Dale," "Yes, Monsieur," "Settled Out of Court," and the newly acquired "The Chapman Report."

Along with these, Mr Skouras and Mr Adler announced the production of three multi-million dollar large-scale attractions, in addition to "The Greatest Story Ever Told," to be produced and directed by George Stevens. They are "John Brown's Body," "The Battle of Leyte Gulf," and "The Comancheros."

A nine-year-old Italian boy known as Marietto has been cast to play the star-making role of Nando in Paramount's BAY OF NAPLES, being filmed by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose in Italy with Clark Gable and Sophia Loren in the explosively-romantic leads. Marietto plays a lovable, shivering urchin in the VistaVision Technicolor comedy. When his uncle, Philadelphia lawyer Gable, comes to Capri to take him to America and give him "advantages," a romantic poignant fun fest ensues pitting Uncle Clark against Aunt Sophia with amorous results. Marietto made his film debut as a wail in the Italian film, "La Ballerina di Paderno" and gave notice of being such a hit that the director put him under a personal contract. A German film followed, then the international comedy to Capri "Director Shavelson and Producer Rose also scripted.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

METROPOLE & ASTOR: "The Cranes Are Flying." The Soviet Academy Award winning film, which brings a new look in Russian film. Intensely human, warming and romantic, it places Tatiana Samoilova among the first ladies of the screen. Set in Russia, during World War II, it is the drama of Russia's little people snared in the events of all out war. Also Alexei Batalov and A. Shvornin.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Thunder in the Sun." Hugo lusty dusty wagon wheel effort, which has tough Jeff Chandler leading the caravan, and Susan Hayward spitting fire. Seemly and brutal, in its way a saga of endurance. Technicolor.

HOOVER & GALA: "North By Northwest." Old master Hitchcock at his very best with a tale as terrifying as a madman's nightmare. Involved is Cary Grant, who walks into a fearful incubus by merely being paged in a lounge. Eva Marie Saint as a wily charmer, and James Mason as a thriller version, gracious, killer.

LEE: Short season of Chinese Opera.

COMING

METROPOLE: "The Bloom of Hell," or "Hell's Flowers." Another Japanese super production in colour.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Man in the Net." A murder mystery featuring Alan Ladd and Carolyn Jones. An intricately worked out exercise in ingenuity; it also gives considerable scope to a gang of children who aid Ladd, innocent, but a murder suspect.

HOOVER & GALA: "The Young Philadelphians." Magnificent story of the local Philadelphia aristocracy, and how they serve their social problems, and how Paul Newman has a foot both sides of the railroad. Tremendous climax marks this film as one of the outstanding pictures of

the year. Also Barbara Rush; Alexis Smith; and Brian Keith. LEE & ASTOR: "Tiger Bay." Excellent British film with murder plot set in Cardiff's notorious Tiger Bay. Story has young girl who forms an odd attachment with a murderer. Strong direction with a remarkable performance by young Hayley Mills. Also John Mills and Horst Buchholz. ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Diary of Anne Frank." Story of a young Jewish girl who was hidden by the Nazi killers. Her diary which was "More than anything, I want to be a writer... I want to go on living after my death." This film is her hope fulfilled. A tender rare achievement. Mills, Perkins, Joseph Schildkraut, and Richard Dreyfus.

LEE T.O-NIGHT
at 7.30 p.m.

SIEN FUNG MING CANTONESE OPERA presents
"THE REGENERATION IN THE RED-PLUM CHAMBER"
(記梅紅世再)

Metropole Astor

SHOWING TO-DAY
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Awarded the GOLDEN PALM
at the XI INTERNATIONAL
FILM FESTIVAL in CANNES



A Russian Picture
English Version

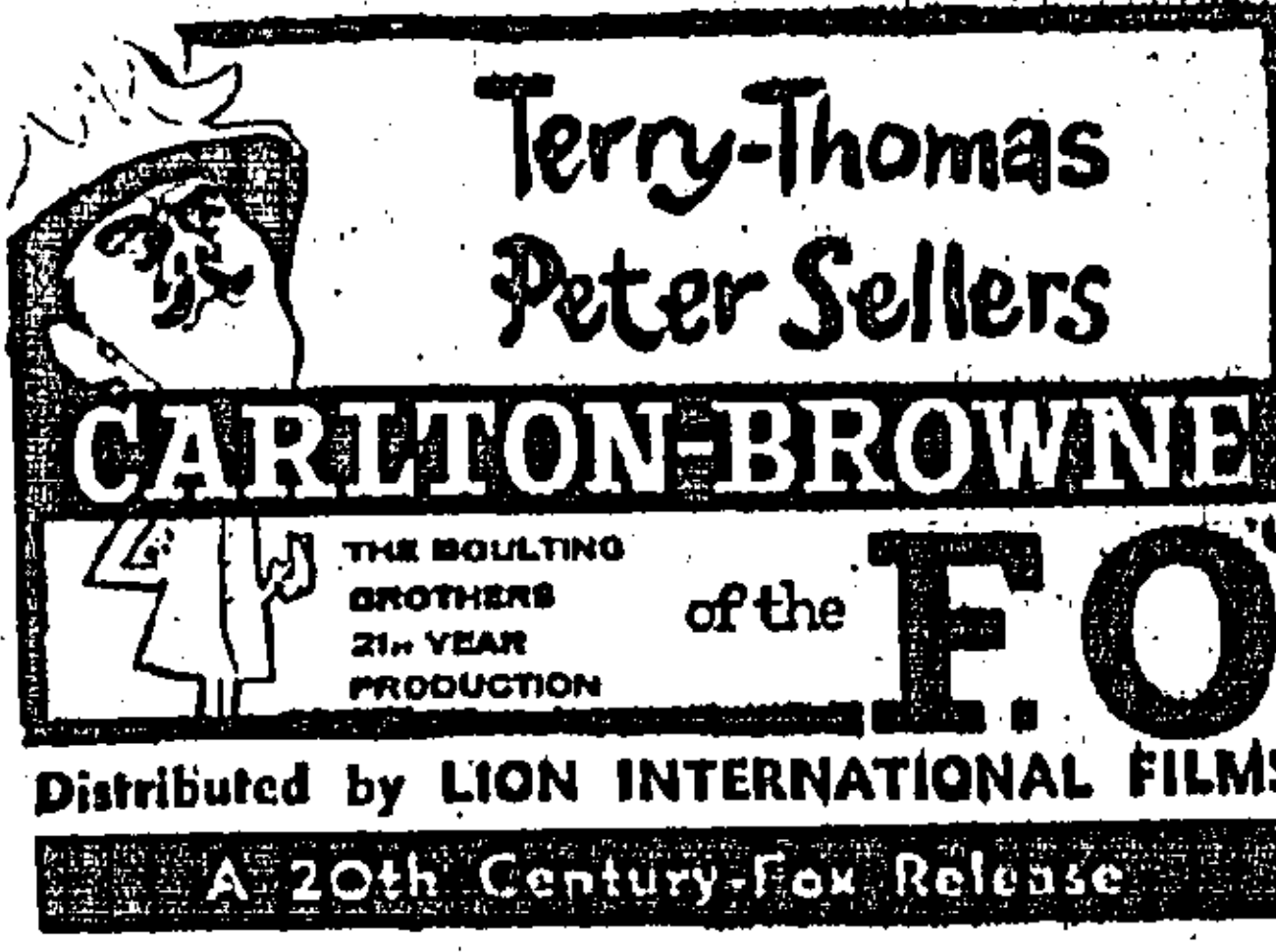
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
METROPOLE THEATRE At 11.00 a.m.
20th CENTURY FOX'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.
"ISLAND IN THE SUN"
CinemaScope-Color

At 12.30 p.m.
"THE KEY"
William Holden
Sophia Loren

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
"It's the ROAR to end WAR!"



TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Dean MARTIN Jerry LEWIS in "MONEY FROM HOME" IN TECHNICOLOR A Paramount Picture
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME At 12.15 p.m. James STEWART & Doris DAY in "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" In VistaVision & COLOR

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
THE MOST EXCITING AND
EXOTIC ADVENTURE-ROMANCE
IN A LAND UNKNOWN TO MAN!

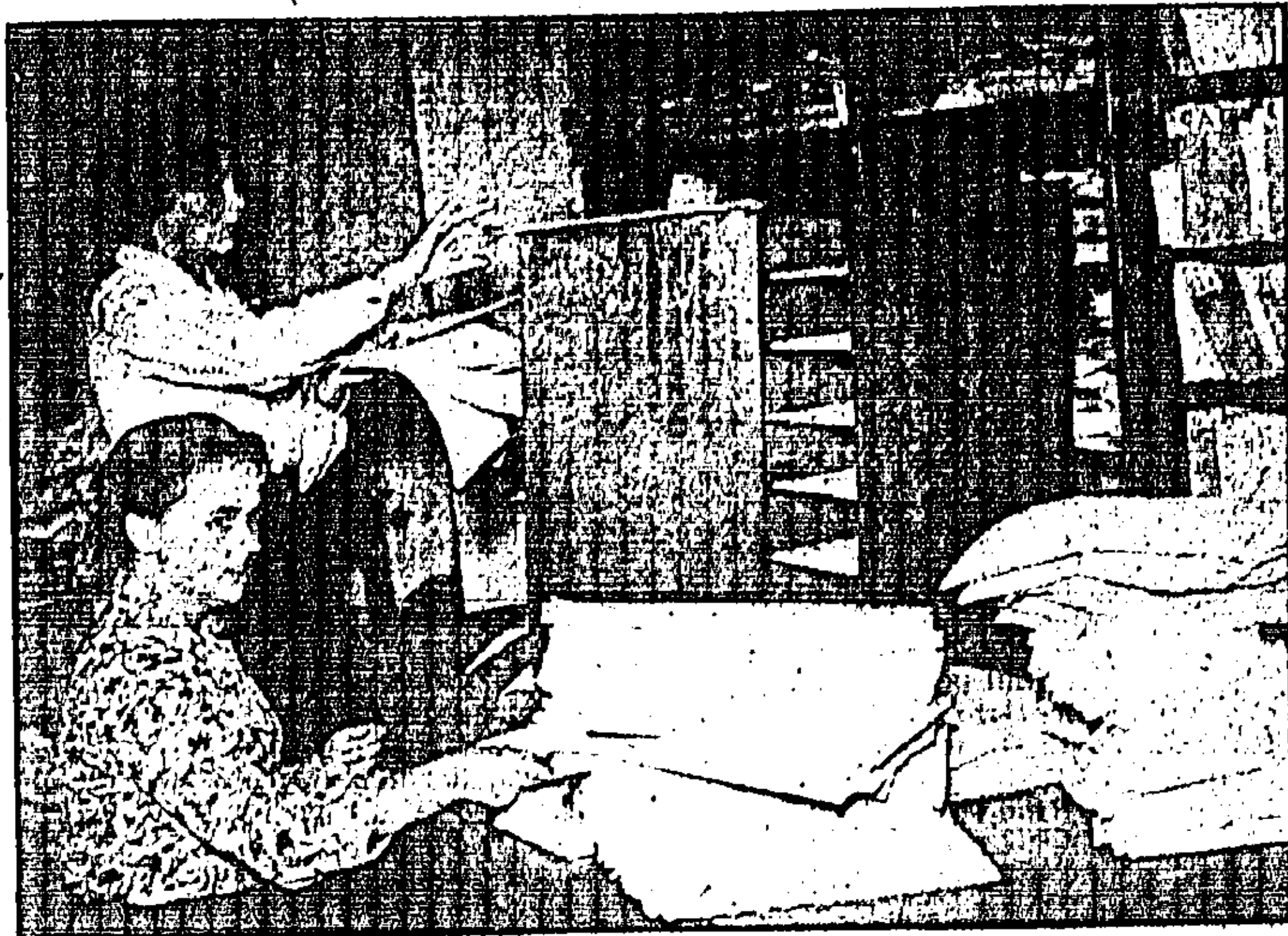


SHOWING TO-DAY
Please Note Change of Times
At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.45 p.m.



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

THE PARTIES GET CRACKING!



The British General Election is less than three weeks away—and that means a busy time for the three main political parties. Election addresses, posters, pamphlets, have to be prepared, printed and distributed. A mammoth task—but one which the parties are geared for. This picture shows:—Girls sorting press literature at Conservative H.Q. — The Times Photo.

Italy Declares War On The 'Teddy Boys'

Milan, Sept. 18.

The Italian Government is contemplating sweeping legislation against "Teddy Boys", allowing prosecution under the age of 14, stiffening gaol terms and taking unruly juveniles away from their parents.

Justice Minister, Mr. Guido Gonella outlined the measures under study in an article in the magazine Oggi. He said the proposed legislative changes were under "rapid examination" following a recent wave of juvenile crime and unrest that shocked an unaccustomed nation.

Measures taken into consideration, Mr. Gonella said, included:

- Lowering the minimum age at which a minor can be prosecuted, if social reality shows a new and stronger urge towards crime in youths below 14 years of age.
- Abolition of "judicial pardon" for crimes committed by gangs of minors.

ARRESTS

- A widening of the cases in which arrest is mandatory or at least permitted.
- Sharper penalties for crimes involving hooliganism.
- Considering the molesting of persons as a crime rather than an offence committed by "Teddy Boys".

- Removing the boys from the parents' home and placing them under the care of a social service for minors if warranted.

Mr. Gonella said the "Teddy Boy" problem "does not give us the right to indict the entire new generation" because juvenile crime always existed. But, he said, the present phenomenon was particularly serious because it revealed "absence of religious, social, professional and political ideals, indifference towards honesty and a crisis of the family spirit."—UPI.

BUSINESS LUNCH
\$4.00

SPECIAL LUNCH
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2 Shows Nightly:
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LOU
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PUPPETS!

World's Cleverest
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DONA KAYE
Hollywood Starlet!
Singing,
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Greek Girl Seeks PoW She Sheltered

Sydney, Sept. 18.

A Greek girl who helped her father shelter three escaped Australian PoWs in Greece, is trying to locate one believed to live in Sydney.

In 1942, the girl and her father, risking death, hid the Australians for a month, then helped them to freedom. The young Greek heroine is Mrs. Efthimia Kapotanganis, 25, formerly Efthimia Vioylaris, from the northern Greek village of Taxiarchi.

Through an interpreter, she said today, "I wish very much to find John of Sydney."

Our Adventures

"It would be nice to talk over our adventures."

"We knew the three Australians only as John, Peter and Thomas," she said.

"My father, a flour miller, sheltered them in a hut where we stored cattle feed."

"Every day, a cousin, Miss Eleftheria Rivanli, who is a cripple, took them food."

"After a month in hiding, the Australians, guided by the miller, walked 100 miles over mountains to Salonika."

"Peter had a girl friend in Salonika."

"She was bad. She had German friends."

"The Germans got Peter. They shot him."—China Mail Special.

GHANA NURSE AIDED BY SIR GALAHADS

London.

A young Ghana nurse, suffering from a serious illness has been flown to Britain for expert medical treatment through the generosity of English civil engineering workers who have clubbed together to pay her £170 sterling fare.

The "Sir Galahads" are members of the John Howard Company who are constructing a £12 million harbour in the small township of Tema, in Ghana, ten miles from Accra.

The girl is Miss Agnes Achibor, a trainee nurse at the Tema General Hospital.

BRAIN CONDITION

When the company's employees heard she was suffering from a serious brain condition they made a collection to pay for the air fare to Britain in a bid to give her the best medical treatment.

When Miss Achibor arrived in London she was met by a company car and driven to a Neuro-Surgical hospital on the outskirts of London.

A company spokesman in London said that the Ghana Ministry of Health would be responsible for hospital fees and specialist's expenses.

"So it won't be a question of Miss Achibor taking advantage of our national health service. Everything will be paid for."—China Mail Special.

School Children's Safety Lies On Lap Of Drivers

Chicago.

The National Safety Council recently put the safety of the 11,000,000 students who ride school buses squarely in the laps of bus drivers and the authorities that hire them.

The Council commented on the deaths of seven children in a "bus-train collision and listed a three-point programme to safeguard school bus passengers. Above all, the Council said, "schools should have a person with direct authority for establishing and administering a safety programme for school bus drivers."

The three-point programme included:

- Selection and training of school bus drivers.
- Inspection and preventive maintenance of school buses.
- Establishment of legal standards for the behind-the-wheel performance of school bus drivers through driver licensing.

DISCIPLINE

"Further," the Council said, "each school bus should have a patrol boy—a monitor—to keep discipline among students, thereby allowing the driver to concentrate on his No. 1 job—driving."

The Council issued the following warnings to parents of children who ride school buses:

- If your child rides a school bus, make sure he does not play on the bus.
- See that he gets to the bus stop on time so he will not have to run.

- Remind him of the importance of keeping his head, arms and hands inside the bus.

The Council also warned motorists:

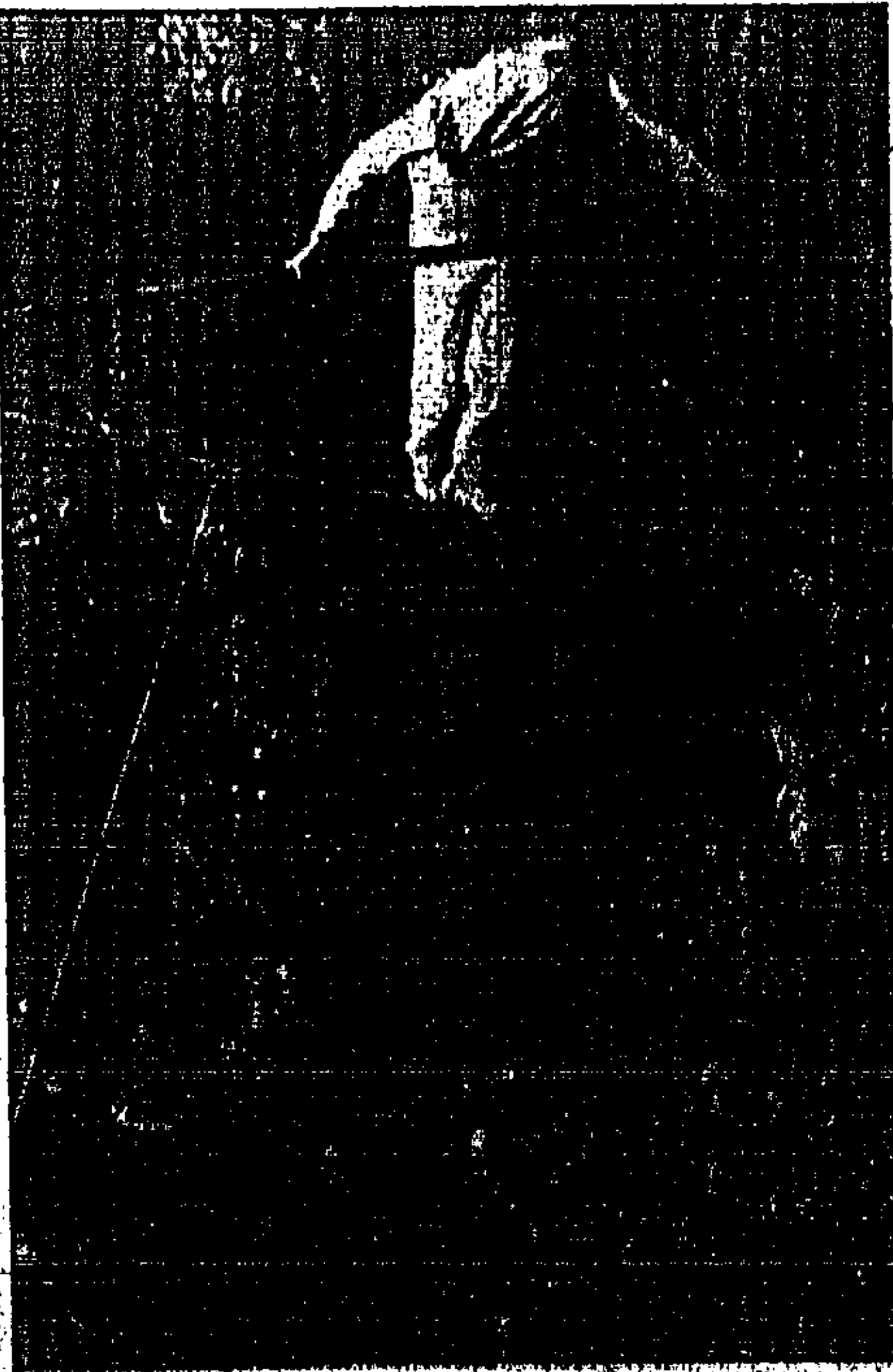
- Keep your car in good condition.
- Drive slowly near schools.

Slow down where children are walking or playing.

Expect the unexpected from children. Most of them get hurt running from behind parked cars or crossing in the middle of the intersection.—UPI.

HIS LONGEST WALK

Czech Rudi Omankowsky, a high-wire performer since he was five, went for his longest walk—300 yards across a cable stretched over the 430 feet deep Cheddar Gorge in Somerset, England, the 22-year-old member of the White Devils troupe took 21 minutes to cross the 3/4" thick wire. Half-way across the watching crowd thrilled as he appeared to slip and fall on to the wire. In fact he was sitting down to remove his socks and to wipe a patch of grease from the new wire. This picture shows: The hooded Rudi leans forward as he makes the nerve-racking crossing. —London Express Service.



Being An MP Doesn't Mean Money

London.
If you want to make a living in Britain, don't run for Parliament.

Some time in the next few weeks about 1,000 hopeful politicians will try to get themselves elected in Britain's General Elections. But if any are doing it for the money, they should have their heads examined.

The basic salary of a British MP, even in 1959, is only £1,750 a year.

DAILY WAGE

In the middle ages members of the British Parliament received a daily wage for attending the House. In the 17th century this ceased altogether and it was not until 1911 that MPs were paid again, when they voted themselves an annual salary of £400.

In 1937 this was upped to £600 and in 1948 they got another raise to £1,000.

Their present salaries date from about four years ago.

The principle on which British MPs are paid is that they "should be able to maintain themselves comfortably and honorably but not luxuriously."

This austerity principle is carried through so strictly that many MPs try to keep up their regular professions or businesses on the side or perform other jobs, like writing for newspapers or broadcasting, to supplement their Parliamentary pay.

BENEFITS

Like U.S. Congressmen, British MPs get some "fringe" benefits, but they are small by Congressional standards.

They are allowed free travel between Parliament at Westminster and their constituencies or homes. The sums they spend from their salaries in performance of parliamentary duties are free from income tax.

Even worse off are the members of Britain's "Upper House of Parliament, the tradition-enriched House of Lords."

All a noble can claim is an allowance of three guineas a day for each sitting he attends.

The Lords get no fixed salary at all.—UPI.

DEFENDED HIMSELF WITH A DICTIONARY

Herford.

Leonard Darlow brought his Oxford dictionary to court to defend himself against charges of breaking probation. He showed the court he had been studying it avidly.

"You may think I am incensed by the exuberance of my own verbosity," he told the court, "but I am not guilty and categorically reserve my defence."

Darlow, 23, was charged with not being "industrious" because he has had no job since being put on probation last July.

He produced the dictionary, looked up the word, and defined it as "diligent, hard working."

"Perhaps you should issue warrants for the arrest of everyone in this country who is not industriously employed, such as the aristocracy, gentlemen of leisure, etcetera," he said.

Told he would be bound over to the next court session, Darlow replied: "My attitude is as unalterable and irrefutable as the laws of the Modes and Persians."

Asked to sit down, he said: "I prefer to remain in the perpendicular posture."

Darlow and his dictionary went off to gaol to await trial.—UPI.

Less Bounce

New York.

Automation will speed the bounce of rubber checks, according to the Office Equipment Manufacturers Institute. That's because magnetically coded checks, which are paving the way for automation of the nation's banking business, will give depositors less time to cover checks they cash out of town against insufficient funds in home banks.—UPI.

Filling Up

New York.

The number of service stations in the United States has soared from 15,000 in 1920 to more than 181,000 going an annual volume of business in excess of \$18 billion, according to oil industry statistics.—UPI.



Some women stand out, always...

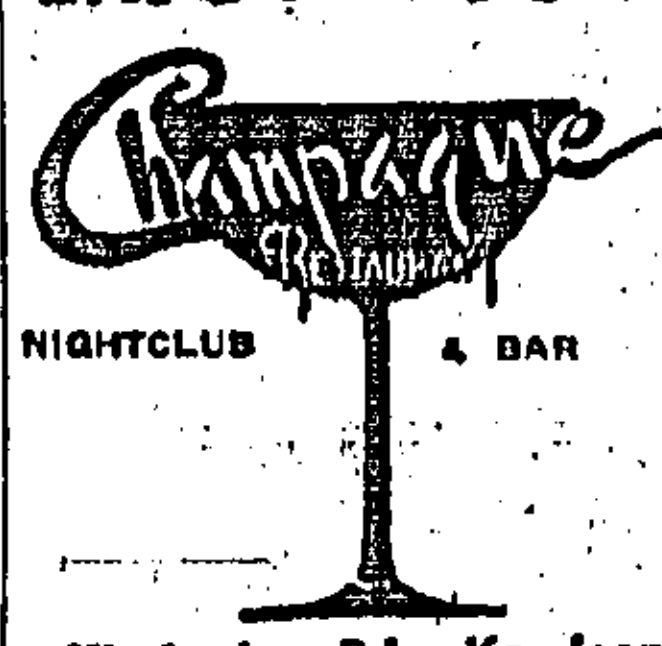
...not for their beauty, though they may be beautiful; not for their clothes, though these are perfection, but for a certain indefinable air, their natural in-born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction—beyond price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll find a Rolex watch is the instinctive choice of the world's most elegant women. They appreciate the design and quality that have made Rolex Swiss-crafted watches famous for over half a century. That's why, whenever a gift—for a celebration, or an anniversary, or simply to give pleasure—is in your mind, you'll want to give the one watch she would choose herself—a Rolex.

To find out more about the beautiful range of Ladies' Rolex Watches, please write for the illustrated Rolex Ladies' catalogue to Rolex of Geneva or visit your nearest Rolex jeweller.

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TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW—AT REDUCED PRICES
At 10.45 a.m. "THE SQUARE PEG"
At 12.30 p.m. "THE COURT JESTER"

"BEACONSFIELD ARCADE"

The Hong Kong Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

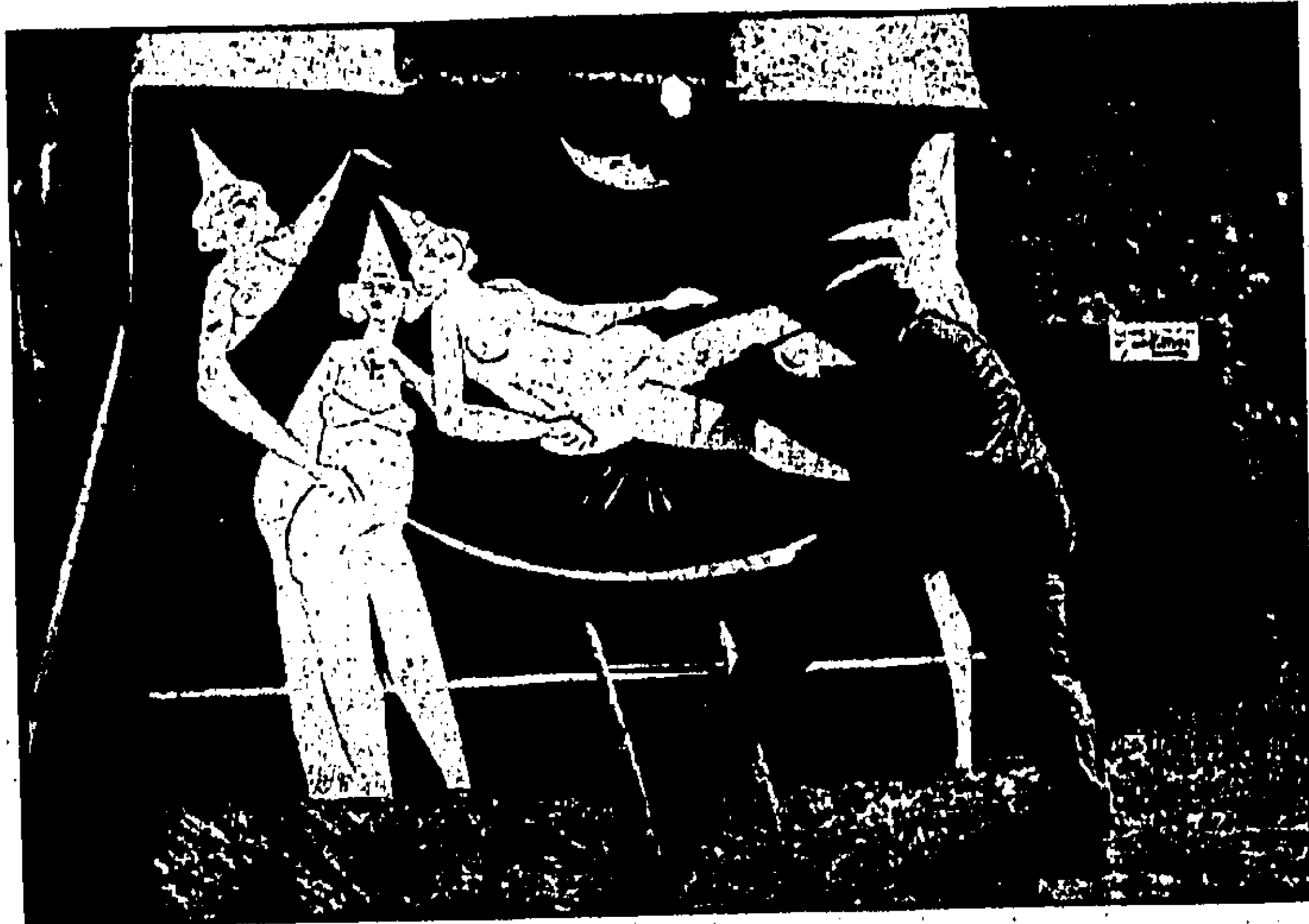
would like to thank their friends who have by using their Eyes, Hands, Ears or Goodwill, made possible the following work, helped by two Inspectors and two vans, during the month of August, 1959.

Rescued—2 dogs, 8 cats.
Found Homes—13 dogs, 32 cats, 2 pigeons, 2 guinea pigs, 1 civet cat, 1 porcupine.
Transported—10 varied.
Received in the office—1636 cats.
Picked up—496 cats.
Chloroformed (dying)—153 cats, 1 bulbul, 1 puppy, 1 egret, 1 mouse, 1 sparrow, 1 chick.
Humanely destroyed—2,132 cats, 7 dogs, 4 chicks.
Investigated (complaint)—15 varied.
Warning—3 persons.
Prosecuted—2 persons.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The British General Election is only weeks away—and that means busy weeks for the three main political parties. Election addresses, posters, pamphlets, have to be prepared, printed and distributed. A mammoth task—but one which the parties are geared for. Picture shows Labour Party secretary Morgan Phillips and Miss Alice Bacon, M.P., surveying a mass of posters.



ABOVE: One of the best-known landmarks in the West of England, Clifton suspension bridge at Bristol is seen here floodlit to commemorate the centenary of the death of its designer, Isambard Brunel.



ABOVE: Forgetting for a moment their knots and camping, these Boy Scouts and a Wolf Cub are adapting themselves to the Space Age with a home-made telescope in the back garden of its owner, Mr L. C. Schlötel, a magistrate, of Peasehaven, Sussex. The prize piece of the telescope is the 100mm lens, which today is worth about £150—a trophy from the first world war. A British Army officer captured it from a German telescope mounted to watch approaches behind the British lines, in an attack on German-held trenches in Chölnes, France.



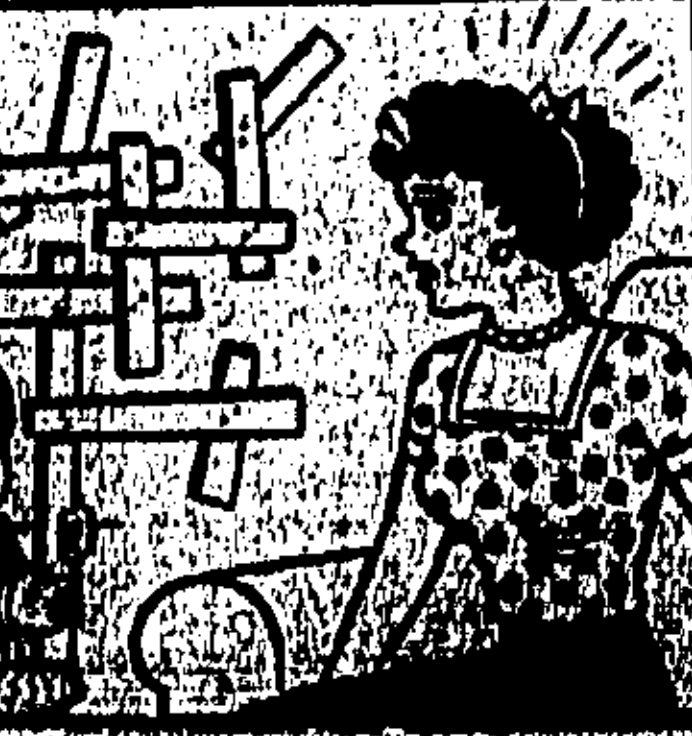
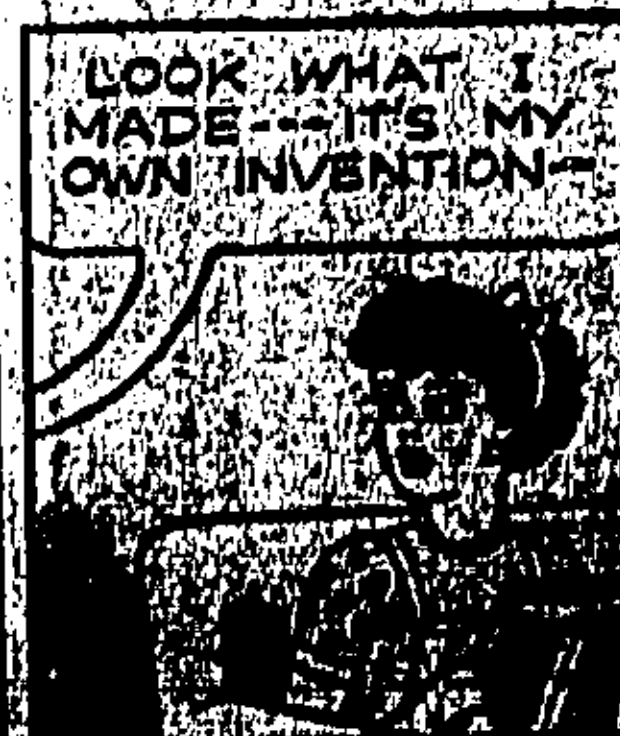
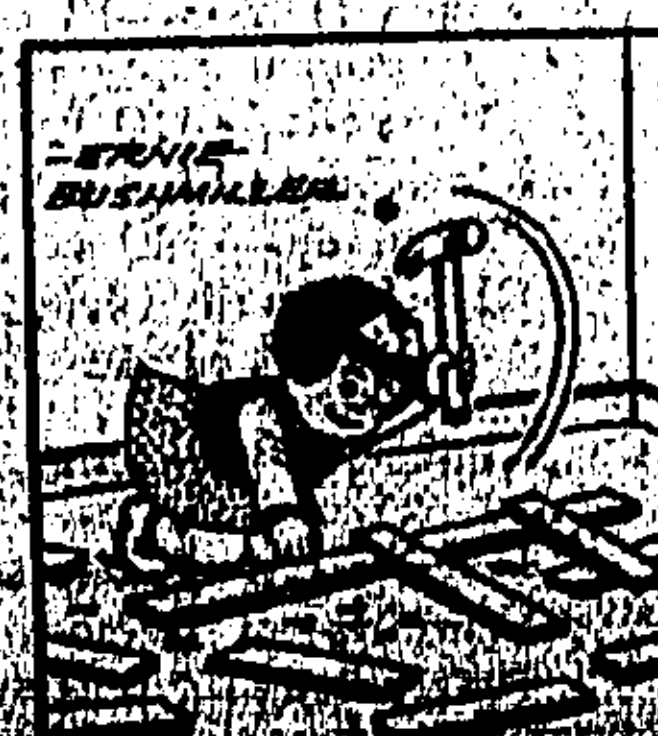
ABOVE: Japan's Yoko Tani first came to international stardom with Dirk Bogarde in "The Wind Cannot Read." Now, filming in Britain in "Savage Innocents" with Anthony Quinn, she offers some unusual views on marriage (her husband is French actor Roland Losaffre). "I think my marriage is such a big success because my husband and I have separate living quarters in our home in Paris. I always wish seeing my husband to remain an exciting thing. So I do not see too much of him. Must suggest that some couples make messup of marriage by always being under each other's feet. Must confess to missing husband very much when entirely separated by film work. Separation of this sort is not a good thing because husbands and wives should always be available to each other in times of emotional stress and suchlike."



ABOVE: "Queenie" Frits Poulos is pictured here at the opening of Noel Coward's latest play "Look after Lulu" in London on the way to being taken over by the murder of Detective Superintendent William Parry at Oatley Square, South Kensington, on July 13.

ABOVE: First nighters in London at the opening of Noel Coward's latest play "Look after Lulu" were Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida and her husband Dr Milko Skofic, and Dame Margot Fonteyn and her husband Dr Roberto Ardis, former Panamanian Ambassador, who has just returned from Colombia for a surprise reunion with his wife. Picture shows Noel Coward himself, too, to the "Gina" and her husband, who were welcomed by Dr Ardis and Margot Fonteyn.

NANCY



ROWNTREE'S



By Ernie Bushmiller

...Britain decides to act alone...the last days of peace are over...it is WAR!

SUDDENLY...IT ALL BECOMES SERIOUS...A MATTER OF LIVES, OUR LIVES

The first wailing siren was a false alarm

(Continued from Page 6)
In the two hours which changed the face of the world that dramatic Sunday morning, several things happened that have never, until now, been recorded in the history books.

In Germany, for instance, the Swedish business man Ringer Dahlerus made a last desperate effort to save the peace. He made a telephone call to the Foreign Office in London from Goerling's operational headquarters in a railway coach on the Polish frontier.

Curt reply

The frontiers of Europe had long since been sealed. All telephone lines had been cut. But he managed to wheedle a call through to London and talked to a functionary in the Foreign Office, telling him that Goerling was ready to fly to London by special plane for a last, stop-the-war talk with Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary.

But the British Government never believed in Goerling's tricks. Dahlerus was told curtly that Goerling would not be granted an audience and that the British Government would now make war within the next two hours.

In London, the Nazi Charge d'Affaires, Herr Kordt, rushed to his staff as they burned the embassy's private papers.

A British driver on the embassy's staff managed to pick up some documents that were to be of great use to our Secret Service in the months to come.

The pythons

More's the pity that even now neither the name of the British Ambassador in Berlin nor the documents he carried away are mentioned. Blame the excited lips of the security men for this. At the London Zoo most of the emergency measures had been put into operation. The three savage animals had been given relatives in case a sudden air raid broke open their cages.

In the reptile house, Mr E. G. Boulenger turned down the heat so that his dangerous snakes, vipers, adders, cobras and rattlesnakes would become lethargic.

To the most dangerous of them all, his two giant pythons, he gave a bumper meal of rabbits and mice, and then locked them in two strong wooden cages—knowing that they would live there for some time without food.

And all over the land other men and women were making the same decision, that they would alter their lives.

Tired voice

AND SO WAR CAME.

At 11.15 on the morning of September 3, 1939, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain spoke through the microphones of the B.B.C. and told the British people that they were at war.

His voice was tired and the spirit behind it was deflated as he said:

"This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government a final note stating that unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were prepared to accept our terms, we would have to withdraw our troops from Poland, a state of war existed between us. I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany."

He paused and then went on: "You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me that all my long struggle to win the peace has failed."

"Yet I cannot believe that there is anything more or anything different that I could have done and that would have been more successful."

"Up to the very last it would have been quite possible to have arranged a peaceful and honorable settlement between Germany and Poland but Hitler would not have it. Now may God bless you all. May He defend the right."

"It is the evil things we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution—and against them all I am certain that right will prevail."

First day

To anyone in Britain over 25, the morning that war was declared has left an indelible stain on the mind.

It had rained the night before, but Sunday morning over most of Britain was fine and clear. In country towns and villages throughout the land, more than 3,000,000 evacuated children from the great cities clutched their tiny gas-masks and waited for the start of what was, to most of them, a super exciting adventure.

"Dear Mum," wrote one of them. "I am very comfortable

here. The house where I am staying doesn't have a radio on it. It has a straw hat instead."

Britain's amateur soldiers, many of them in their own boots, because the Army stores were short on footgear, sloped around in muddy fields and waited for orders that never came.

In households throughout the country, where for the first time in years there was no husband to bring up the early morning tea, lonely wives wondered what the future held for them—bombs, war-work, ration-queues, or knitting.

Sew labels

After Chamberlain's speech the B.B.C. put out an emergency warning:

"The first voice of the B.B.C. announcer said:—'Here is an announcement. As you have heard, we are now at war. Keep off the streets as much as possible. To expose yourself unnecessarily adds to your danger. Carry your gas mask with you always. Make sure all members of your family have their names and addresses on them always, clearly written. Do this on an envelope or luggage label and not on an odd sheet of paper, which may be lost. Sew a label on children's clothing so that it cannot be lost.'"

Almost immediately afterwards, as if to give grim emphasis to his words, the siren began to wail in the first air-raid warning of the war.

It sounded, loud, clear and menacing over Britain that Sunday morning and sent the nation scurrying to the shelters. They emerged half an hour later, feeling drowsy, and some of them thinking they had been tricked. For it was a false alarm.

The puzzle

But if they were bamboozled, so, too, was the Prime Minister. Neville Chamberlain was ushered into a shelter in Downing Street when the sirens went, and there he was left long after the alarm was over.

Why were the sirens sounded? Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding of Fighter Command seems to think they went off because a Dutch aircraft strayed into the Thames Estuary.

Fighter ace like Group Captain "Saffor" Malan and Group Captain Deere still believe that their aircraft were "scrambled" that morning to search for Nazi aircraft.

In fact, all fighter aircraft were grounded throughout the first day of the war.

Challenged

Do you know who, in fact, was really responsible for the false air-raid alarm on the first day of war?

THE G.P.O. They goofed. A civilian named Brooks decided to fly back from France

that Sunday morning with a friend from the British Embassy in Paris.

His Rapide private plane was challenged by a British destroyer over the Channel and asked to give the secret code sign of the day, which had been given to all friendly aircraft.

The pilot gave the code, but got one of the letters wrong. The destroyer signalled Fighter Command to tell them of his mistake. Fighter Command decided, just in case to put out a "yellow" or cautionary signal.

This "yellow" signal was passed on to the G.P.O. And there an error was made by an operator. He sent out not a "yellow" signal to the towns in his area but a "red"—meaning enemy aircraft approaching.

At once all the air-raid sirens in his area went into operation. Other communities heard the sirens wailing in the distance, and began sounding-off too.

The alarm snowballed across England, warning the people to take cover in the raid that never was.

It was a false start to what, in the months to come, the newspapers would be describing as a "phony" war. September 3, 1939, was not the bloodiest day in the history of the British people. But it was in many ways the roughest, because on that day the nation wiped out, by its declaration of war, all the im-



September 3—This is the Sunday Express many people were looking at when, suddenly, war was announced on the radio. Now the Page One story became a personal question.

mits and humiliations it had suffered at the hands of Hitler and his thugs in the years before.

It was a speech that historic day from the King, George VI, which measured the situation facing the British people.

For the people

He said: "The task will be hard. There will be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right, as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God."

And just in case there were still members of the Cabinet who thought that Adolf Hitler could be bought off, even at this hour, an M.P. stood up to speak for the House and for the people. He was Arthur Greenwood, M.P., Deputy Leader of the Opposition. No one applauded him more than Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden, who had both joined the Cabinet that morning as he said—

"The intolerable agony and suspense from which we all of us have suffered is over. The hated word war has been spoken by Britain in fulfilment of her pledged and unbreakable determination to defend the liberties of Europe. For 54 hours Poland has stood alone at the portals of civilisation, defending us and all the free nations and all we hold dear."

"She has stood with unexampled bravery, with epic heroism, before her brilliant friends have gone to her aid. ... Should there be confused counsels, inefficiency, or waverings, then other men must be called to take their place."

"We had decided at last to make a stand for honour and decency. It had been a little late in coming—but at least the British people could say that it was not they but their leaders who had been holding back."

"AND NOW," they said, that Sunday morning, "NO MORE TALKING. LET'S GET ON WITH THE RUDDY WAR."

The end
(London Express Service).

What's this election about anyway...?

By DONALD EDGAR

THERE'S only one thing I want to know about this election: what it's all going to be about?

It is all very well for Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan to cut short their visit to Russia and take their place at the head of their army.

That is their job. But their men are armed with weapons—obsolescent and obsolete—of a generation ago.

The leaders will do their best, but however eloquent a general may be, his battalions can't do much with a nationalisation spear against a prosperity rocket.

The Socialists have just not re-armed. Presumably because they have no knowledge, ideas, nor know-how.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

ONE of the bars of a gate leading to a railway crossing at Spensley came loose. Wilson asked to mend it. British Railways sent an assessor and three assistants in a car to "examine it on the spot."

They offered to mend the loose bar if the Spensley Council would pay for it. The estimated cost was three shillings. But the gate is in the parish of Morellite, whose council has no jurisdiction over the gate. A private citizen of Spensley offered to pay the bill, but this is illegal. The county council, after consulting Government surveyors, referred the matter to the Land Commission, who sent the file to the Deputy Assistant Controller of Gates at Crossings. He lost it. There the matter rests at present. Two Thames Conservancy Boards, also, are in a similar position.

The Summit meeting
(Eye-witness account)

Mr Khrushchev, then Soviet Premier, and President Eisenhower, the President, wearing a bow-tie, linked arms with Mr Macmillan. The three men did a double-chasse, laughing happily. "You see, it is not so difficult to be friends," said Mr Khrushchev to the 1,750 reporters and 2,291 cameramen. "The world wants peace," said Mr M. with emphasis. "We will want it," said Mr K. "That goes for me too," chimed in President

Nationalisation scarcely has even a primitive spearhead. Its aim at the steel industry has fallen not on the employers, but on the workers—who, in fact, though not in open words, don't want nationalisation. Gaitskell has been peddling so fast against Socialism that he runs the risk of being taken for a liberal-minded Tory.

On the greatest moral issue of the day, the H-bomb, the Labour Party has convinced itself, and now a majority of the trade unions, that they agree with the Tories that we must retain the bomb.

The Socialists more than agree, they are enthusiastic about the necessity of high-level talks and summit meetings.



As for colonialism... well, Gaitskell and Bevan have defended our policy in Moscow itself—with considerable force and vehemence.

The Welfare State? It has been extended and made more efficient under the Tories. The pamphlets on the use of leisure recently issued by both parties show an identical approach.

No banners

It is almost in one's heart to feel sorry for the Socialists.

There are no banners to unfurl; glorious romantic banners round which they can fight with loyalty and love. There are no internal hatreds in the country which can inspire ruthless determination to win.

There is nothing but a sullen realization that the battle must be fought.

Facing them are the Tories. And when you look at their situation—well, it is so splendidly, magnificently favourable, that they seem to have only one thing to fear, that is over-confidence.

Even the weather has smiled on them this year—not that even Dr Hill would claim that as a Tory triumph.

But, as it happens, this morning's summer has coincided with such a turn in our fortune that the sun has done no more than throw into relief the achievements of this country under the Tories.

The cars fill the roads. Not the cars of city directors and the upper-middle class. There are the cars of what we still call "the working class."

A stupid meaningless phrase now. In fact, Macmillan ought to find a new expression.

The beaches have been full. The hotels and boarding-houses have been worked off their feet.

The cross-Channel steamers and the aeroplanes have been filled; by just ordinary, saving people.

The homes are filling with TV sets, washing machines, electrical equipment.

The homes have gone up. The schools are filled with the healthiest, finest-looking, best-educated children we have had for many a generation. The ground stands high. So do our currency reserves. In foreign affairs the initiative of Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd in going to Russia has brought us prestige and a leadership envied by Europe.

And, perhaps the two most important matters, there is work and there are stable prices.

I know this sounds like a panegyric. But it is just a statement of fact.

Isolated

Troubles, sometimes due to stupidity, sometimes due to chance, there will always be isolated hardships which, though isolated, bear hardly on those who suffer.

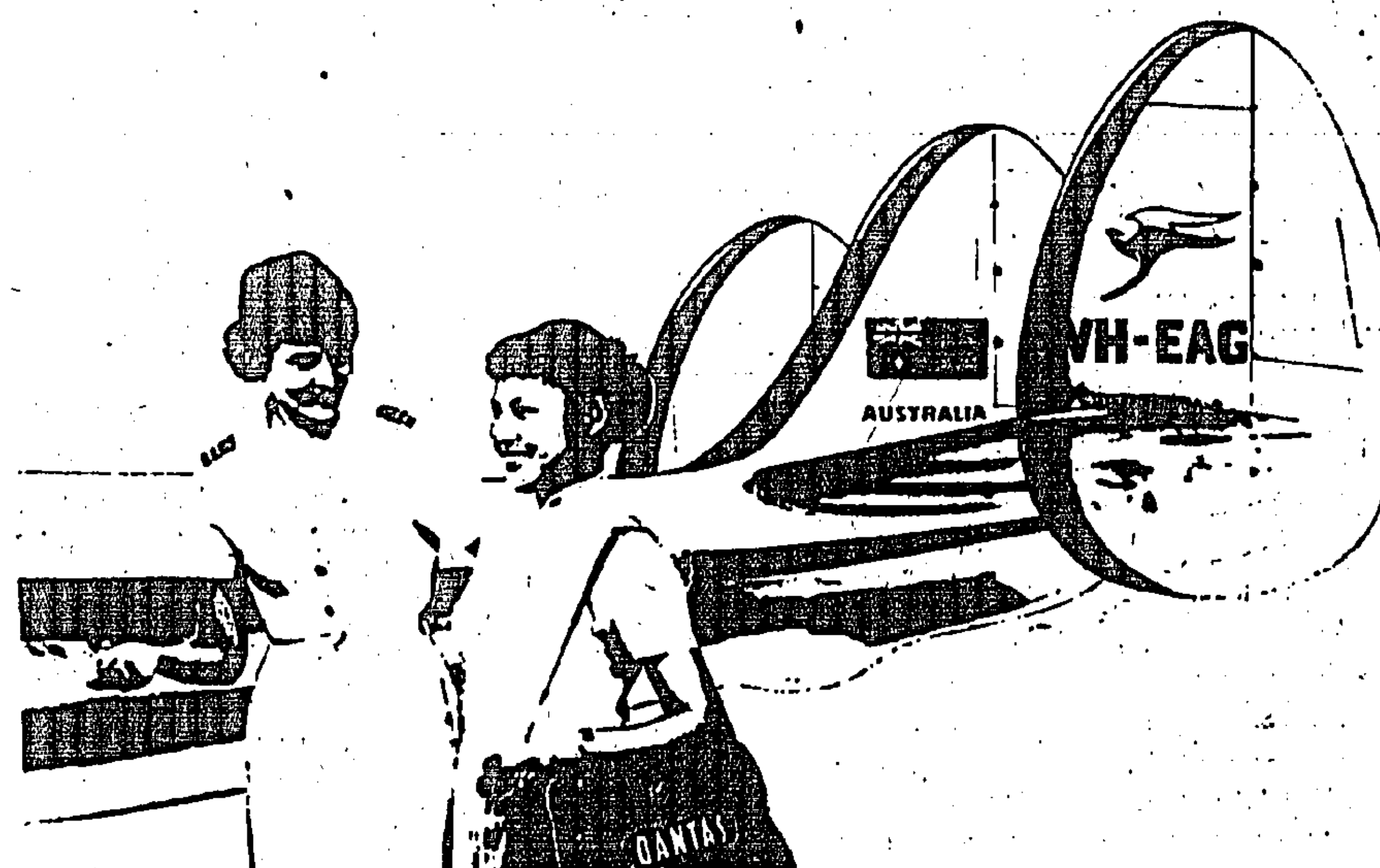
But I believe the people have more reason for content with their government than they have had since before the first world war.

Gradually, they say, is unknown in politics. I think that is true of politics; if you restrict the term to the men and women who are active politicians.

I do not believe it of the people—and it is they who will make their mark in a few years. Well, there we are! What is this election all about? What are the issues?

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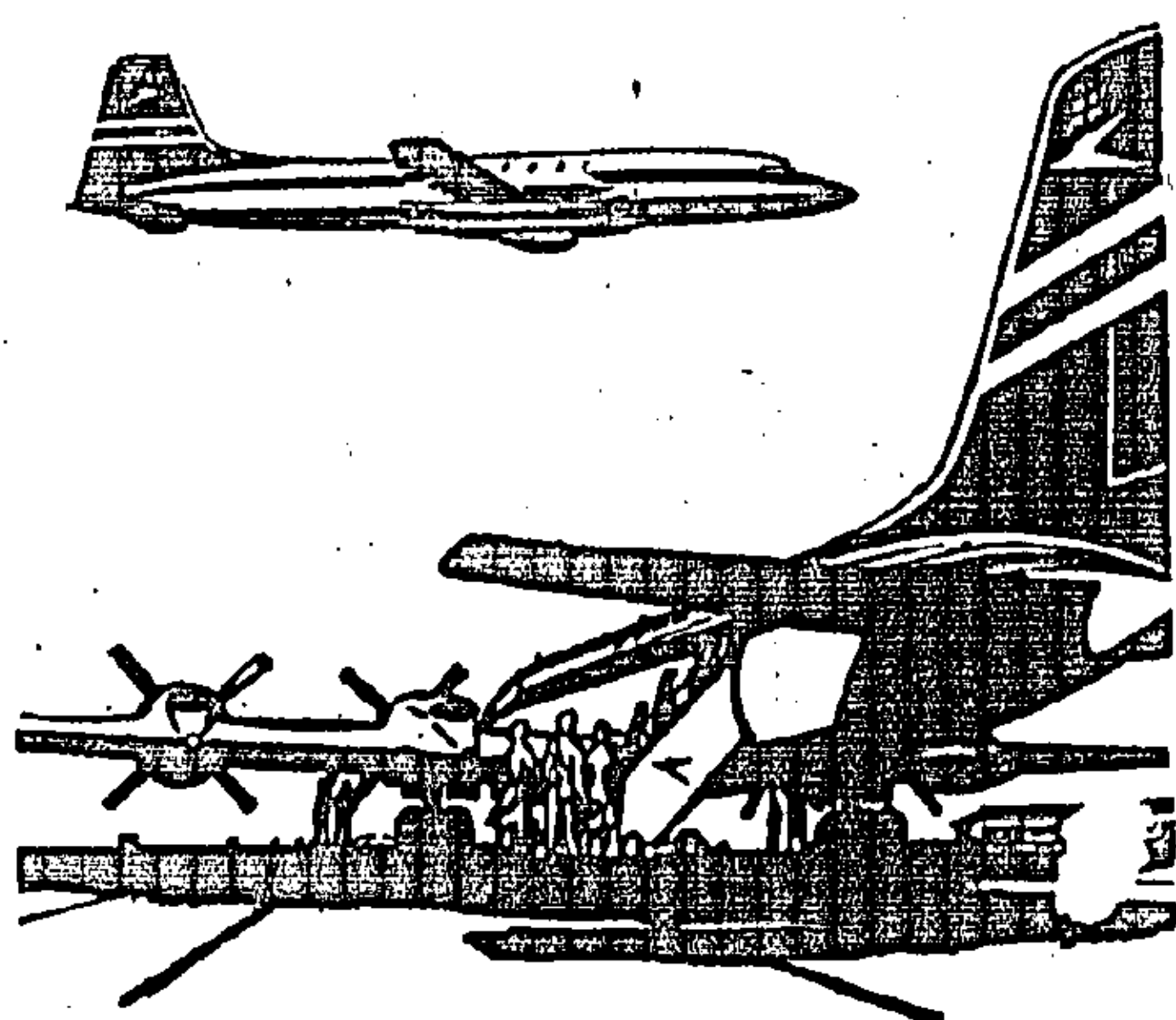
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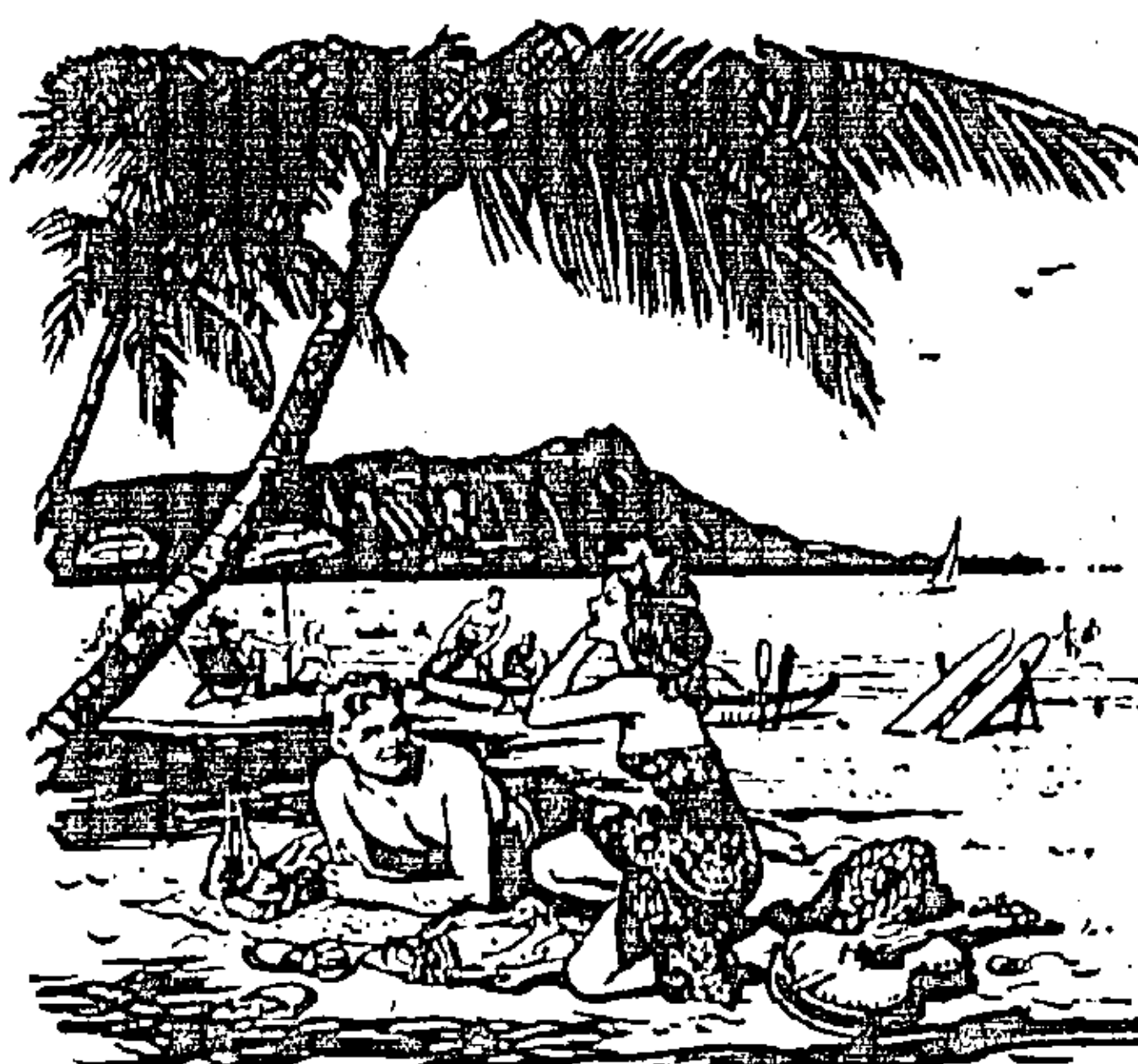
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ARE THE GOSPELS REALLY TRUE?—PART FIVE

The riddle of the last journey

JERUSALEM: the city set on a hill. As the car rounded a bend it appeared suddenly far in front, far above eye-level, a dome and a tower and a line of roofs in terrible outline against the blue sky.

When the Gospels speak of "going up" from Jericho to Jerusalem, they mean precisely that. The same weary climb was the last journey of Christ with His Apostles.

At the end of it my car swung round the eastern side of the walled city, into a place full of cypresses and cacti and wildly discordant architecture.

The threads

But there are still things you cannot do in a car. It was on foot that I made my way through Gethsemane—tranquil, beautifully kept by the Franciscans, and scarcely altered. It was on foot also that I plunged into the Old City by St. Stephen's Gate and along the Via Dolorosa into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

All round me on the way pressed the human mass of Jerusalem—children shrieking, old men squatting by their hookahs, shrill women haggling with stallkeepers.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is uneasily shared among several denominations. It is large enough to house not only Christ's tomb but also the place of His execution, the hill called Golgotha, "The Skull." This it puts, so to speak, a huge stone lid over the last scenes, stressing their connection, drawing the threads together.

That is as it should be. We cannot finish the story of Christ by studying the Crucifixion alone, because the whole point of the story is that it does not finish there.

What can we make today of the story of the Resurrection? For nineteen centuries it has been discussed and examined. Now, in the final instalment of his despatches from the Holy Land, the China Mail Investigator gives the result of his on-the-spot inquiries.

By
GEOFFREY ASHE

The Crucifixion... should I by a staircase in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is roofed over and shut in.

When I climbed the steps myself, I found two altars in the dimness, and a solid-looking floor. But the bearded Greek monk in charge politely showed me a gap through which I could make out a few square inches of rock, the approximate place of the central cross.

Patience research has unearthed and brought together a series of bitter references to Jesus and five of His Disciples.

He is called Ho-Talay, the hanged man, and is said to have been put to death on a Passover eve, for leading the people astray.

Also there is Tacitus, one of the foremost Roman historians, who once refers to State archives for the period. His Annals confirm that Christ was executed by Pilate.

Engulfed

On the main fact, then, the Gospels find support.

But while the Crucifixion—with the stabbing in the side, the whipping, the crown of thorns—was carried out as described, it was not as artists often portray it, with a towering cross on a high hill, well away from Jerusalem. Golgotha was a mere hummock a few yards outside the gate, and the rebuilding of the wall has long since placed it inside, engulfed by the city.

Today the visitor reaches what is left of that tiny summit

tomb is empty—as it should be until the end of time.

For after this particular burial something odd happened. The corpse disappeared. According to the official communiqué it was stolen. According to the Gospels it came to life again.

Our best clue to this supreme riddle is in the sequel. It forces a choice on us. If we deny the Resurrection as too monstrous a miracle, we instantly need an equally monstrous miracle to explain how the Christian religion began.

At the time of the Crucifixion, remember, the Disciples were demoralised. Their hoped-for Messiah had let them down; He had failed to fulfil the prophecies of the Old Testament and the sages by the Dead Sea. He had not even resisted arrest. Most of the disciples had abandoned His lost cause and run away.

Yet soon after the disaster this whole state of affairs was reversed... by something.

Peter, who had denied his Master, was organising his fellow disciples into a passionately devoted body that knew no bounds to its mission.

The twelve Apostles who led and taught the Church made it perfectly clear what was at the heart of their world-conquering faith. It was an absolute conviction that Christ had risen from the dead.

In this conviction they gave up their homes and goods, and wandered through a hostile world to eventual martyrdom.

Theories

Their belief was sincere if ever a human belief was sincere. The challenge cannot be softened by alleging that the same sort of thing has happened in other religions. It has not.

There is no parallel in the case of Buddhism, or Mohammed. No historian has described any other occasion when a religious leader (or a political one for that matter) failed miserably, lost all his followers, and vanished from the scene, yet the same followers promptly came together again.

A shock

That seemed to be all. I walked down the stairs to the Tomb.

The Tomb was a shock. This part of the ancient hill—still entirely within the church—has been cut away altogether, over and round the little cave-sepulchre.

From the centre of a rotunda rises a tall decorative structure, and it is through a slot in the base of this wedding-cake that you duck your way in.

Immediately the inside cancels the outside. It is changed from what it once was by marble, but the shape has not changed. Along the wall is a narrow strip of floor where two or three people can just stand. Taking up the rest of the space is the broad ledge where the body was laid.

This is the same Holy Sepulchre which the Crusaders fought for, and nothing can alter its simplicity. There are pictures on the wall, but I have no memory of them. Christ's

The Hour of Devastation

—Andrew Sloan

continues his series on historic Hongkong typhoons with the story of the big 1923 storm

It was a sunny Friday morning. But by noon the sky had darkened. The number one typhoon signal was raised.

In fact it was not one typhoon that threatened to strike the Colony, but three. During the afternoon the No. 2 signal went up at the Observatory.

No one was alarmed. That night there was a deadly stillness in the air. It was too quiet, the experienced people felt. Their fears were well-founded.

On Saturday morning, August 18, 1923, high winds rose. By 9.20 a.m. the fringes of one of the most devastating typhoons ever to strike Hongkong began their deadly work.

"An hour or more and it was all over save for the cleaning up, the merriment and the mourning," reflected the S. C. M. Post, describing the events of that memorable morning.

But what an hour!

RELIEF

Winds of 130 miles an hour, the greatest ever recorded up to that time, although it was probably greater in places more open than the Observatory, tore into buildings, ripped down trees and as usual created chaos of harbour traffic and shipping.

At that time, when a dollar was a dollar, damage to shipping alone was estimated by one agent at \$700,000.

"That it was no worse," was the phrase of relief and thanksgiving that sums up Hongkong's thought after one of the most terrible typhoons in our history," said the S. C. M. Post.

Going back to Friday. Up to that morning the Colony had enjoyed four weeks in succession of clear, sunny weekends, and then the barometer began to fall.

On Saturday the Black Cross, then the No. 10 typhoon signal, was raised just before 9.30 a.m.

Some even were seen to kowtow in the streets.

But no amount of kowtowing and incense burning would placate this storm. If anything it grew worse.

The squalls reached unprecedented violence and many ships began dragging their anchors, and one careened from Kowloon Bay to just opposite the Yaumati Ferry pier.

BROKE ANCHOR

Just days before the storm, the chief engineer of the Indo-China Steam Navigation's Loong Sang was transferred to another ship. She lay anchored in Kowloon Bay without steam to turn her propellers, when the storm struck.

Around 9.45 a.m. she broke anchor in fierce winds and was driven before the storm along the harbour. She struck at least two other ships, and some say she was driven onto some rocks and off again, before continuing into mid-harbour.

Reaching Central Market it was obvious to the hundreds on shore watching the dramatic scene, that the Loong Sang had not much life left in her.

The Loong Sang was rapidly sinking by the bows, but the wind continued to drive her on. Near the Yaumati Pier on Hongkong, the skipper, Capt. P. Jowitt, told his crew that their best chance would be to jump overboard and try to make it to shore.

There were seven European officers and 60 Chinese crewmen on board. Mr. J. B. Barron, the second engineer, and his wife took their chance and leapt into the swirling sea.

Anxiously the watchers on shore peered through the sheets of rain, as the crew jumped overboard. They saw Mr. and Mrs. Barron re-appear then sink below the waves. That was the last time they were seen alive.

Capt. Jowitt was just able to see most of his crew jump, when a huge wave smashed over the stern flinging him into the sea. A lifeboat was also torn from its davits and it proved to be a life-saver for Capt. Jowitt.

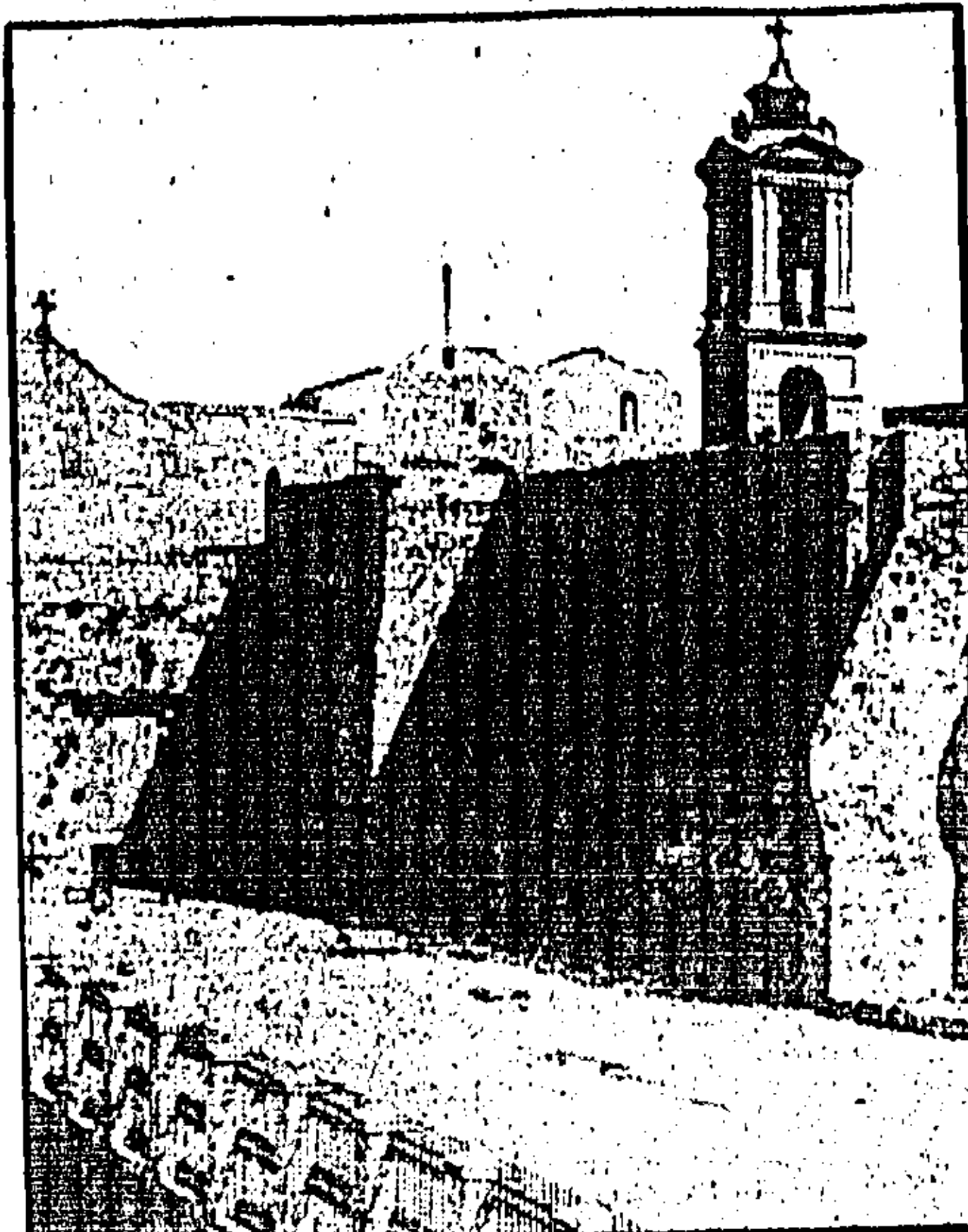
He was able to cling to it for some time and then clamber aboard. Although it rapidly became waterlogged, it was kept afloat by its ballast tanks.

CABIN BOY

While clinging to the boat, the captain saw a man floundering in the water nearby. He screamed to him and by their joint efforts the captain found he had rescued his own cabin boy.

A half-hour later the wind blew them ashore miles along the harbour at Copeland Park. There they were given food and hot drinks. Capt. Jowitt managed to get up and make his way to town. Two days later he was able to get up and about, but his back was badly injured when he was swept overboard, and he was suffering from exposure.

One of Capt. Jowitt's other officers escaped the stricken ship in a miraculous fashion. As they were careening down the harbour, as mentioned before, they struck an anchored ship. The collision threw the young officer overboard, onto the stern of the other ship. Luckily he was only slightly injured, and willing hands carried him below, where he rested his weary head.



Bethlehem—Church of the Nativity.

with redoubled loyalty and this entrance and done to death made converts by the thousand, and did literally walk out again.

Granted that the Disciples were not deceivers, were they deceived? Was the report of the Resurrection an honest mistake? Scapling have offered two suggestions to explain how it might have been:

The better-known idea is that Jesus did not die on the Cross, but revived in the Tomb and came out of it, living long enough to inspire rumours.

This theory is unconvincing. Would the Romans, of all people, have bungled such an important execution?

Another theory is that Jesus had an identical twin brother, who hurried to Jerusalem when he heard what was going on, but arrived too late.

If the Resurrection could be explained away so easily, why did no one ever produce this brother and dispose of the Christians' claims?

No. The Gospels hold their ground.

After talking in what I could of that eternally empty chamber, I came out of the church and strolled back to St. Stephen's Gate.

There was no evading the issue. The prisoner who was hauled in vain to throw a line to shore, as she drifted along.

But his efforts to re-tie the submarine to a marker buoy failed. The submarine then began to sink, mid-way between the Star Ferry Pier and the Victoria Recreation Club. He dived off the sinking boat and managed to hang onto the marker buoy.

HEROISM

One of the ratings from HMS Tamar then heroically dived into the foaming sea and mountainous waves and managed to haul a line to the buoy and his efforts resulted in the saving of the officer.

On shore it was just as bad. Houses collapsed, and many had miraculous escapes. But there were others not so lucky. At the Hongkong Sugar Factory two girls decided they had to go home at the height of the storm. The manager entreated them not to go, but they went. They were never seen alive again.

At a big factory, 50 or so workers were hiding away from the storm. They looked up and saw cracks beginning to form in the roof. They were all evacuated just before the whole building collapsed in a pile of rubble.

Judge the strength of the wind by this event related by a Fire Brigade officer: An emergency call was received at Central Fire Station. A fully-equipped fire engine torn out of the station as fast as the weather and flying debris permitted. They travelled along Des Voeux Road as far as Sincere's.

The engine swung in a right turn into Wing Lok Street to

get onto the waterfront. The wind stopped the engine in its tracks. It could not move forward.

The driver backed into Des Voeux Road again and tried his luck further down-road. He reached Bonham Strand with the same results.

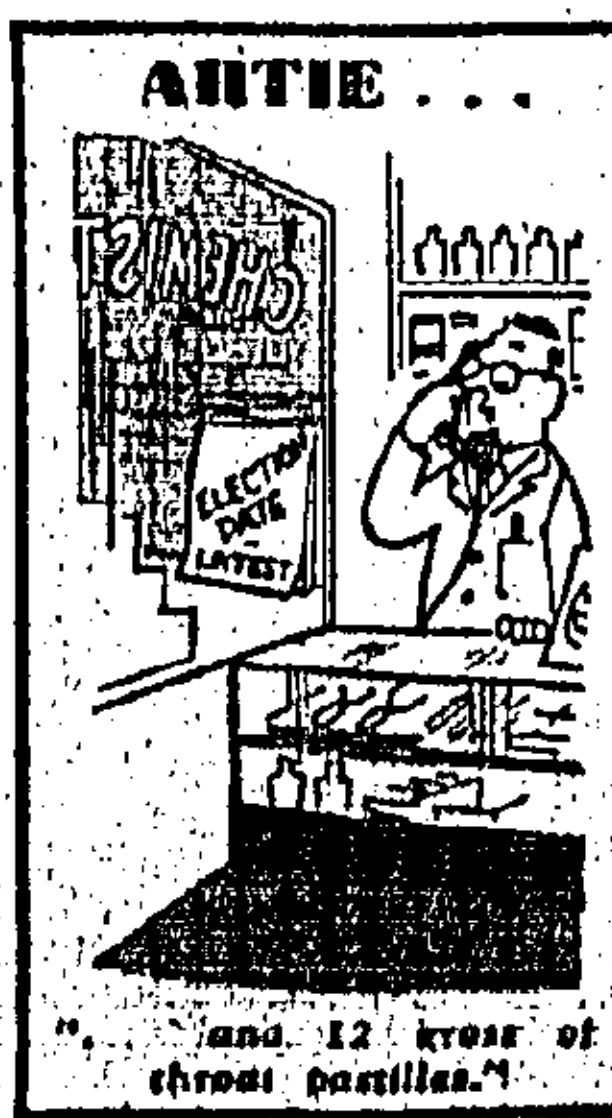
So they gave it up as a bad job, drove back to the station, and walked to the emergency on foot.

When it was over men looked back and naturally enough compared it with the great storm of 1909.

At that time the Colony was totally unprepared. It was a sudden storm catching many people on the top. Loss of life was tremendous in 1909, but the strength of the gale, they decided, was unparalleled in the history of Hongkong—and we looking back, add—at least until then.

NEXT WEEK

Death And Destruction



AUNTIE...

and 12 acres of three-quarters of an acre.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

NEW YORK

WOMAN'S PAGE REPORTS FROM TWO CONTINENTS

PARIS

Two meals for £58 ... so I am having the bills framed

AMERICANS never tire of pointing out that the difference between America and Europe is that in the States things happen. Take New York, they say. It really moves. Move is not all. It positively rocks. The air jiggles with heat shimmering up from the pavements and bouncing back from solid glass skyscrapers.

Monster, be-finned taxis buildings are torn down hurtle at top speed and are replaced by more glass squeal around corners on aluminium expanses and two wheels, rising 40, 50, or more. Almost overnight storeys above the street.

DAHLING Where DID YOU GET IT?

I HATE to say it, but when it comes to clothes American women make no sense at all. They'll buy orange-ruched chiffon shoes with rhinestone studded heels. They'll sink a fortune in mad hats ... leopard bags ... Paisley-printed nylons ... 48-row bills of river pearls ... they'll buy anything that's interesting so long as it's only an accessory.

When it comes to clothes themselves, they'll spend a small fortune. But only on clothes that look — and are — like every other American woman's clothes.

In fact, they don't, strictly speaking, wear clothes. They wear uniforms. Fabrics vary with height of Fahrenheit. But the line never changes.

There is the sheath. Sleeveless, summer and winter both. Almost always black. There is the shirtwaister. Billowy and scoop-necked for evening. Crisp and man-tailored even to button-down collar by day.

There is the trusty two-piece. The summer standby is murky coloured, snugly fitted, the winter version is stiff and rustily. Usually black. I will admit the look is good, but uniform. Outside of Russia I've never seen so many women looking so much alike. AND LOVING IT.

At one party I saw two women, each wearing the same stained-glass print sheath. They fell on each other with whoops of joy.

"Where did you get yours?" "Isn't it divine?" "I love it so, I have it in black too!"

The other loved it too. She had the same dress in black, white, and a printed wool for winter.

About town ... A MONG the things that have caught my eye. Shaggy dog furs. Well, perhaps not dog, but shaggy, that's

Book-stores spill over with books called *Peace of Mind*, *How To Relax*, *Barish Tension*, and *Serenity Will Help You Live Longer*.

Everyone buys them, reads them, compares them. But in one does anything the books say. They are all too busy moving.

"Why?" I asked a New Yorker who goes to both a psychiatrist and a peace-inducing Yoga expert. "Why the rat race? Why the books? Why not quit one and never need the other?"

A dreary, old, off-asked question. And an even drearier answer.

"Money. Ye gotta have money to live. And ya gotta kill yourself to get money. Everything costs money. That's true. And almost everything costs much more than it should."

A man's voluminous overcoat carries a tag reading \$200. A cocktail dress, just satin, just a nice dress, \$150. A posy arrangement of fresh flowers, complete with vase and delivered, \$40.

A doll that walks, talks, and has ice skates, all for \$35. Toss in another \$50 and she does it all in a genuine milk coat.

Money did not matter

I careened from excess to excess and by lunch-time money didn't mean a thing. Price tags were just pick-a-number-any-number figures.

"For lunch I want to go to the most expensive place in town," I said.

My amiable, rich American friend hailed a cab. We tore hell for leather up Park Avenue to the newest of new sky scrapers. Its 40 storeys rose cool, svelte, as leanly symmetrical as a model girl.

The dining-room? Acres big, with squeaky broadloom underfoot and golden statuettes bristling down in art-crafty arrangements from the ceiling.

Thirty windows, each 50ft high, hung with elegant Golden chaises, millions of them, each as thin as a necklace, gently curved across each window.

We had two drinks apiece. And a heavenly lunch. Baby

by DEE WELLS

After years in
London, an American
catches up on life
in her own country

labetars. Grouse. Chocolate soufflé. Wine. Coffee.

The bill? I stretched my neck to get a look. But, as fast and smooth as a pickpocket, the head waiter whisked it away.

"Come on, tell. How much was it?"

"Tomorrow," said my blissfully rich tycoon. "Tonight we'll eat in the next most expensive restaurant. Tomorrow I'll get both bills framed and you can have them instead of a stable stole for Christmas."

Dinner was flaming madness. Everything burning bright as dry kindling wood.

Dressed as a gladiator

This restaurant was a deMille-type extravaganza based loosely on ye olde ancient Rome. Busts of Caesar ... mosaic walls ... a gladiator dressed in cowl-necked sackcloth jerkins ... and a menu as big as the newspaper you are reading now.

Leg of baby lamb with sauce of two lovely little! I couldn't believe it, but that's what we had.

For sweet, he had Crepes of the Mad Nero. I had Peaches of the Blushing Poppy.

Frugally, we got by on one bottle of champagne. And topped off this meal with two thin crusts of coffee.

Today we took the bills to be framed. I picked a little, quietly elegant gilt frame for my trophies. I'm going to hang them over the kitchen table.

And all next winter in London, while I sit eating ham-laden casseroles, I'll be able to look up and see the proof that once I had two meals that cost

£58

Not counting New York City tax. Or the stomach-settler I had to have in a drugstore on the way home.



YOU'LL BE SEEING BALMAIN'S LONG LINE

80 New Yorkers delight in being seen around in ideal clothes.

There's a chance that Londoners may meet in this "long line" suit—a dark brown beauty striped in black.

Our picture shows the original by Pierre Balmain in Paris.

But Debenhams and Freebody has bought the made to copy in London.

PICTURE BY JOHN ADRIAN

1776 HOMEMAkers HAD TRIFLE AND CAPERS, TOO

IN 1776 important baking such as yeast bread, pies, cakes, cookies, beans and jars of applesauce was done in a brick oven.

Saturday was baking day for the week.

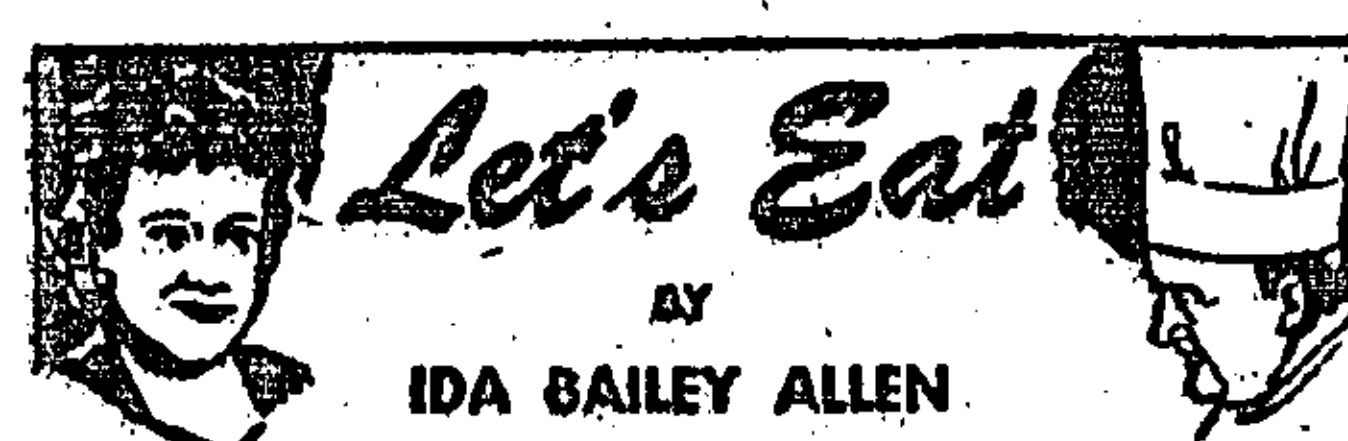
Bread was baked first. When it was "drawn" (or removed by means of a long-handled shovel-like device), the other foods in rotation were put in according to the temperature which was regulated by the rate the oven cooled. Beans were last and were baked overnight.

It was quite a chore to heat the brick oven, so during the week most homemakers used stewed fruit or soft custard desserts prepared at the open hearth fire.

Trifle 1776: Make and cool 3 c. thin soft custard.

Arrange the trifle as follows:

In a glass bowl, put 2 lady-fingers or 4 squares. Spread with 1 c. soft custard, then with a thin layer of curried jelly. Repeat until the custard and lady-fingers have been used.



Let's Eat

BY

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Heap with whipped cream; border with candied fruits or sweetened berries.

*CRAB MEAT DINNER

Escalloped Crab Meat with Capers
Cucumber Saladettes
Mashed Potatoes Broccoli
Trifle 1776
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Milk or Buttermilk
All Measurements Are Level

Escalloped Crab Meat: Make 1 pt. medium-thick white sauce. Add 1 tsp. Worcestershire, ¼ tsp. salt, 6 drops Tabasco and 1¼ tbsp. sherry flavoring (optional).

Beat and stir 2 egg yolks and 1 lb. fresh or canned crab meat into the sauce.

Transfer to an oiled low casserole. Cover with ½ c. grated bread crumbs mixed with 1 tbsp. melted butter or margarine. Bake 25 min. in a moderately hot oven, 375°-400° F. or until light brown.

Border with thin slices of lemon alternating with capers and parsley sprigs. Serves 6.

THE CHEF TAKES A CAPER FROM 1776

Capers were a delicacy imported by the rich in 1776. But did this stop the not-so-wealthy homemaker from preparing dishes calling for capers? No, indeed! Instead of using capers, she pickled nasturtium seeds from her flower garden. I plan to do likewise.

Pickled Nasturtium Seeds: Dissolve ½ c. ordinary salt in 1 qt. cold water, or enough to float an egg. Add 1 qt. washed green nasturtium seeds. Let stand 24 hrs.

Drain. Cover with pickling vinegar and bring to a boil.

Lightly pack the nasturtium seeds in small jars, cover with the vinegar and seal.

Pickling Vinegar: Combine 1 pt. cider vinegar, 1 tsp. whole

LADY LUCK

your
CHINA MAIL
horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): After an encounter with a well known personality you will come away with an ardent desire also to become famous.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Although the past week has been one of frustration and disappointment, try to forget your worries and enjoy the week-end.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): In order to enjoy your holiday to the full, try to clear up all unfinished business before you go.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Today would be a good time to tidy up a number of odds and ends which have gradually accumulated.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): An apparently insoluble problem facing you could be a challenge for you to show what you can really do.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Although you are warring for a fight with a certain person, think twice before you act. The result may mean humiliation for you.

LEO (July 22-August 21): In spite of an overwhelming urge, you may be compelled for a while to postpone the

realization of a very long felt desire.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): When being too critical of others, remember the proverb about people who live in glass houses.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): A complete change in your daily routine will be only to the good, and you should not feel too upset about the things you have to leave undone.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Do not bank too much on the realization of a dream you have had, as it may only be prompted by wishful thinking.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): You may be forced to tell a white lie to a group of friends, but since you are protecting an absent member you cannot do otherwise.

APRICORN (December 22-January 20): This ought to be a red-letter day for you, as you will receive recognition for some excellent work you have done.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If this is your birthday, a meeting with a man named **ABRAHAM** may have some special significance.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

THERE is very little to the play at six spades. South goes right up with dummy's ace of hearts and plays the king and ace of spades.

Eventually East has to let a club go in order to keep a high heart and South makes a grand slam.

The trick to the hand is to land in spades with only eight trumps. Instead of hearts with nine.

The hand can be bid in any number of ways but the key to reaching the grand contract lies with North. He must realize that since he is void in diamonds there may be a good reason to make his hand the dummy and he must give up his six card suit in favour of his partner's five carder.

CARD SENSE

The bidding has been:
South West North East
1♠ Pass 2♠ Pass
3♠ Pass 4♠ Pass
5♠ Pass 6♠ Pass
Opening lead—♥9

Since spades break three-two he has no further problems about the small slam. He trumps his low diamond, gets back to his hand with the queen of clubs, and runs out all his trumps and the ace and king of diamonds.

He discards all dummy's hearts and watches East squirm.

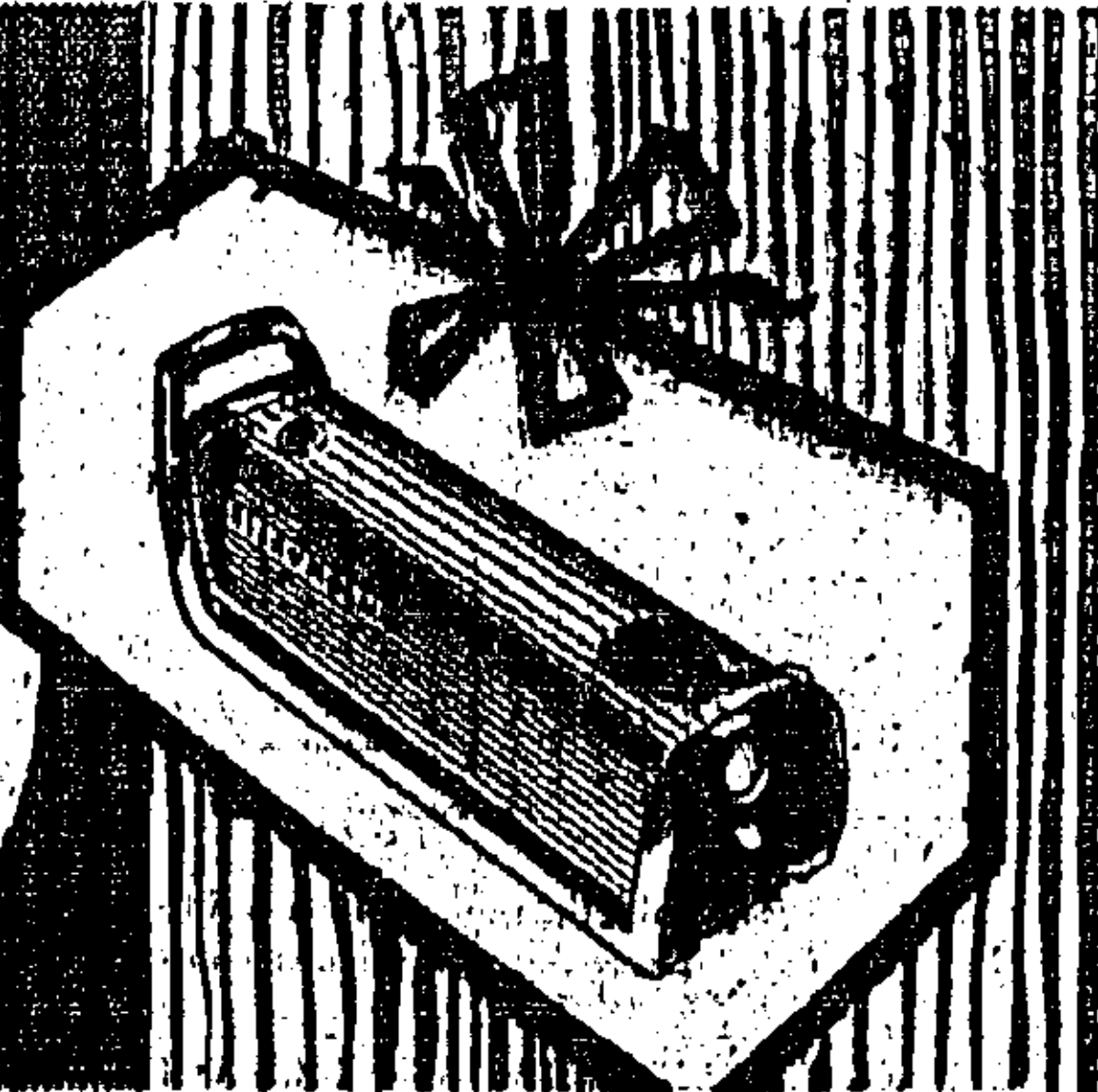
TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ Pass 2♠ Pass
3♠ Pass 4♠ Pass
You, South, hold:
♠A Q 6 5 4 3 2 ♠K J 5 4 3 2 5
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

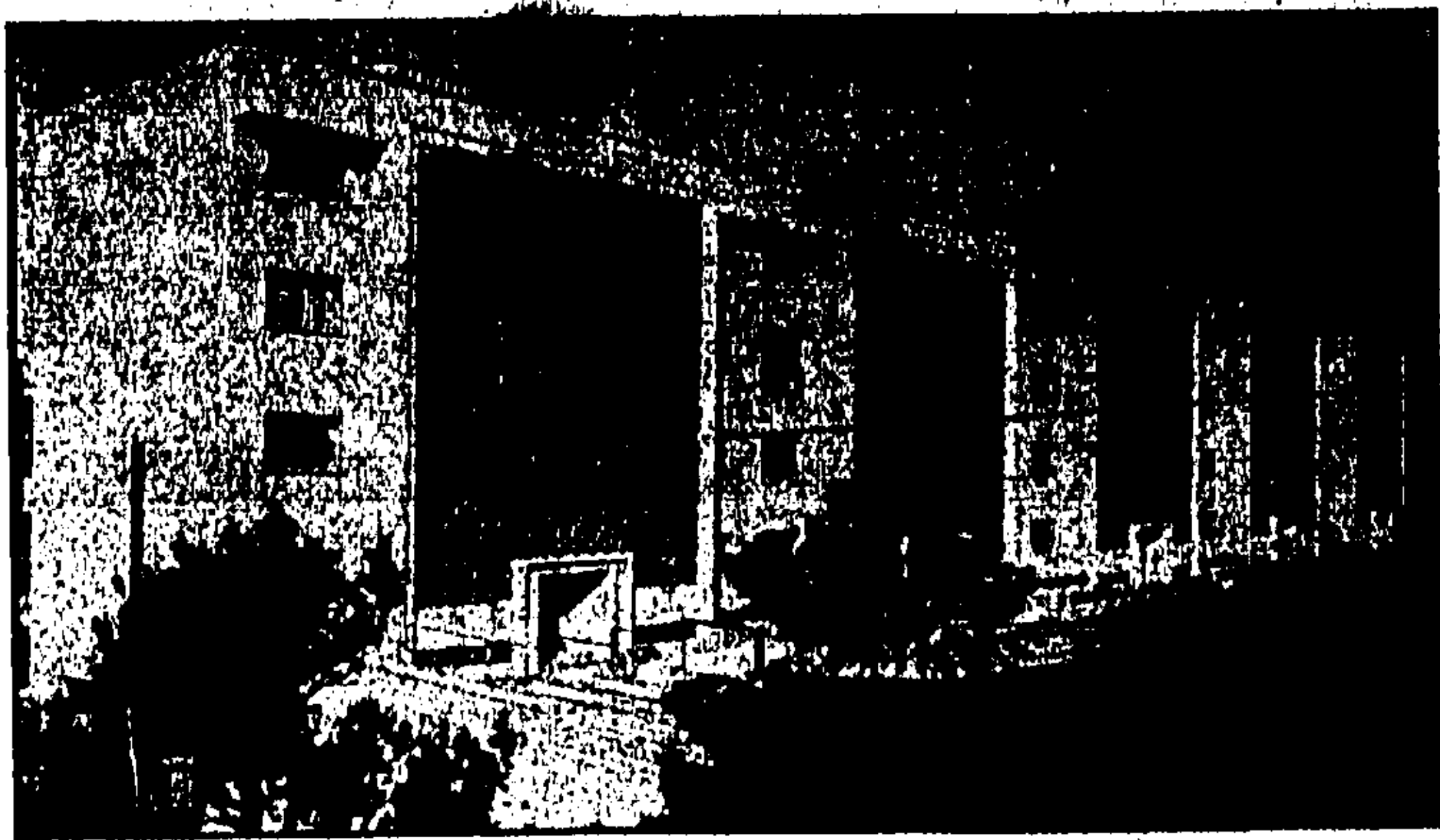


ELECTROLUX

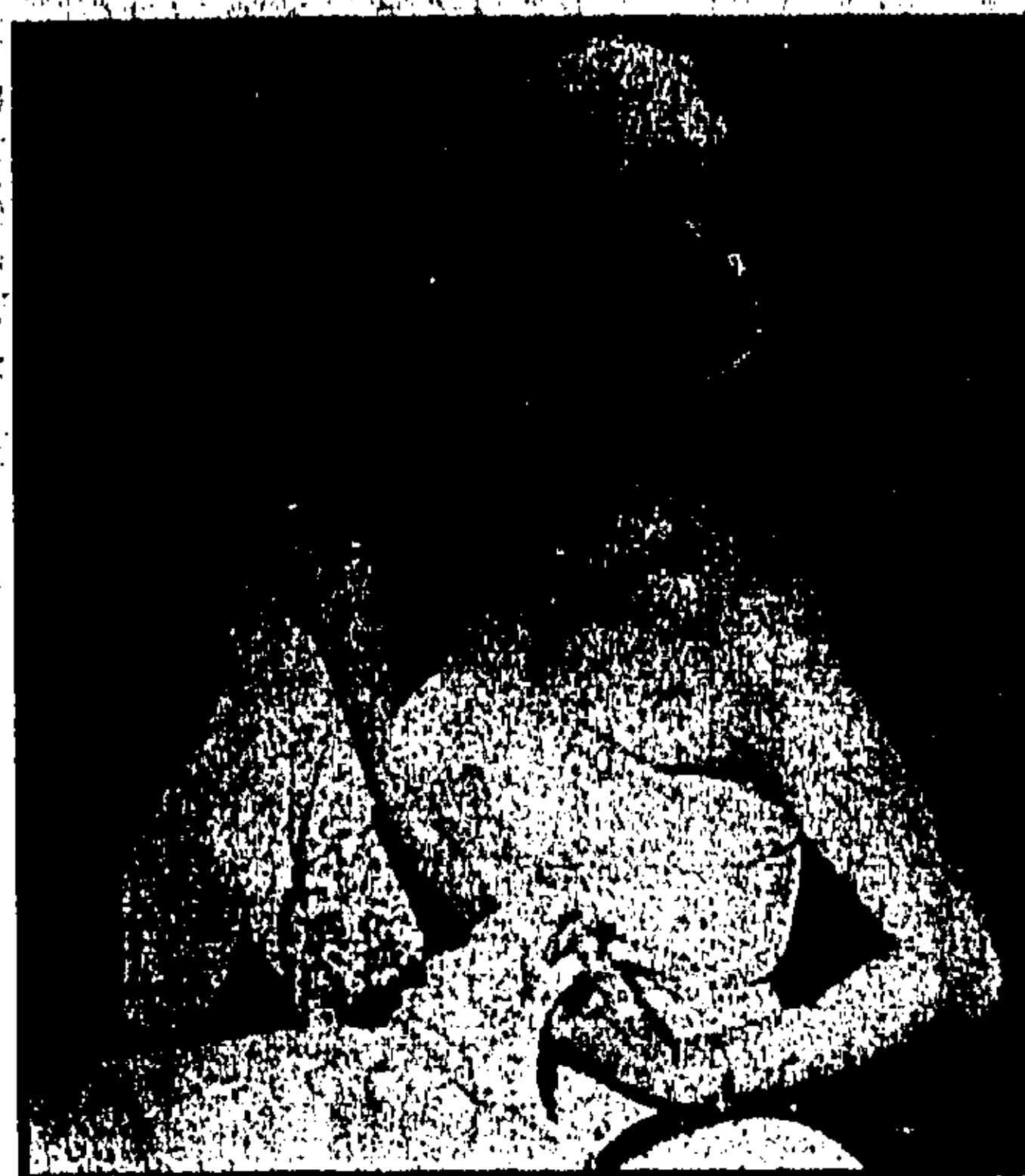
present
MOD-70
the
new
superb
VACUUM
CLEANER



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SHOWROOM: **ALEXANDRA ARCADE** TELEPHONE 27781



ABOVE: The modern Wendy Apartments, built by the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp. for senior members of its Chinese staff. This week a block of flats for junior Chinese staff was opened at West Point.



ABOVE: Curvaceous Miss Noriko Shigeyama, pretty Toho film star from Japan, takes time out from shooting of scenes in Kowloon, to pose for our photographer the other day.



ABOVE: Many people turned up at the Botanical Gardens this week to hear a concert by the Seletar Pipe Band of the Far East Air Force. The band gave the concert, despite threatening weather, to mark the Battle of Britain Week.



ABOVE: "Rumpus Time," Rediffusion's new programme for teenagers, started off with a bang last week. Soon here, dancing to the music of Giancarlo and his band, are (l-r): Ray Cordeiro and Grace Archer, Romayne Diaz and Tony Myatt.



ABOVE: Hongkong ambassadors to the Pacific Festival—pretty film actresses Misses Ting Ning and Julia Wu seen shortly before their departure by air for San Francisco. The Festival opened yesterday.



ABOVE: The American President Lines, as part of the celebration of its 200th trans-Pacific voyage, were host to a variety of prominent media executives in Hongkong at dinner on board the ss President Wilson last week. Seen are (l-r): Mr J. R. Luke, Mrs J. Yapp, Mr W. A. Whiting, Mrs H. T. Woo, Mr Everett P. Morsell, Mrs Luke, Mr R. Giles and Mr C. K. Sin.



ABOVE: At the party for children of the Mu Kuang School on board the ss President Wilson recently—A crowd of fascinated youngsters seen watching the Duponts' puppet show go through its paces.



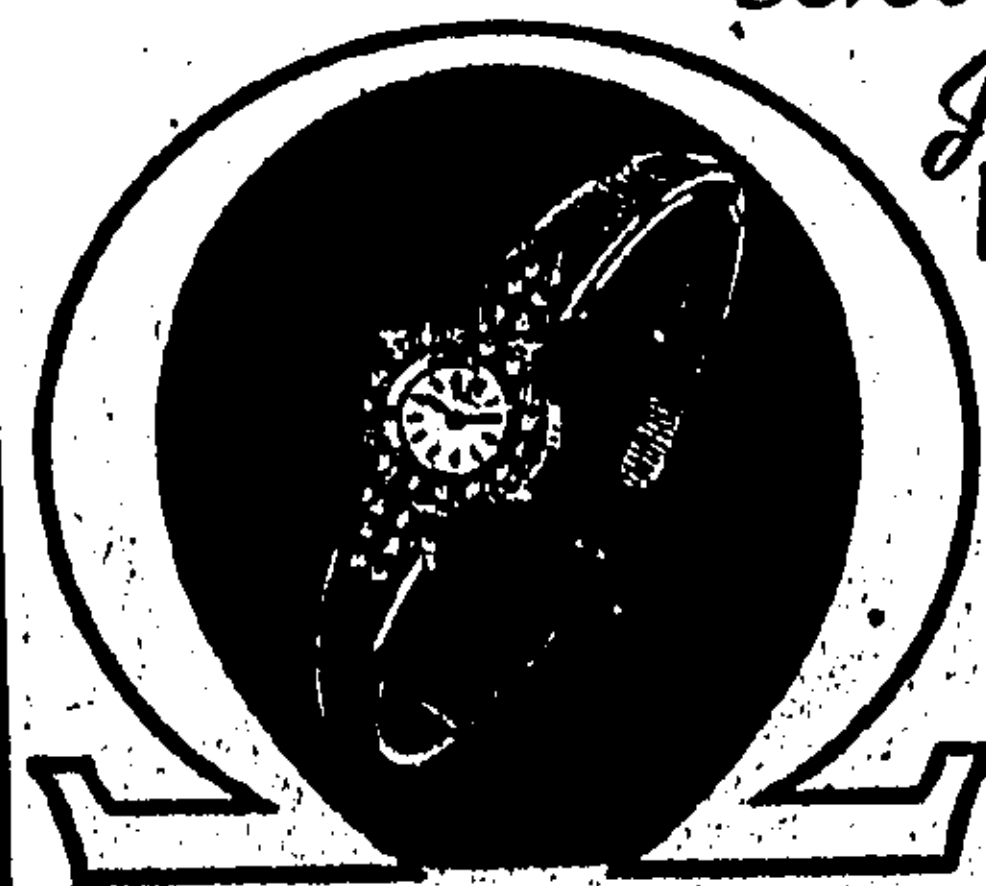
ABOVE: Mr Michael Stewart (right), the new British Charge d'Affaires in Peking, is escorted by Chief Justice Sir Michael Hogan to his train from Kowloon, on the first leg of his trip to the Chinese Capital.



ABOVE: Scene at the distribution of rice to the under-privileged at the Hindu Temple, Happy Valley, recently by Mr F. T. Melwani. Mr Melwani is seen at left. Also present were Mr F. M. de Mello Kamath, Commissioner for India, and Mrs Kamath.

OMEGA

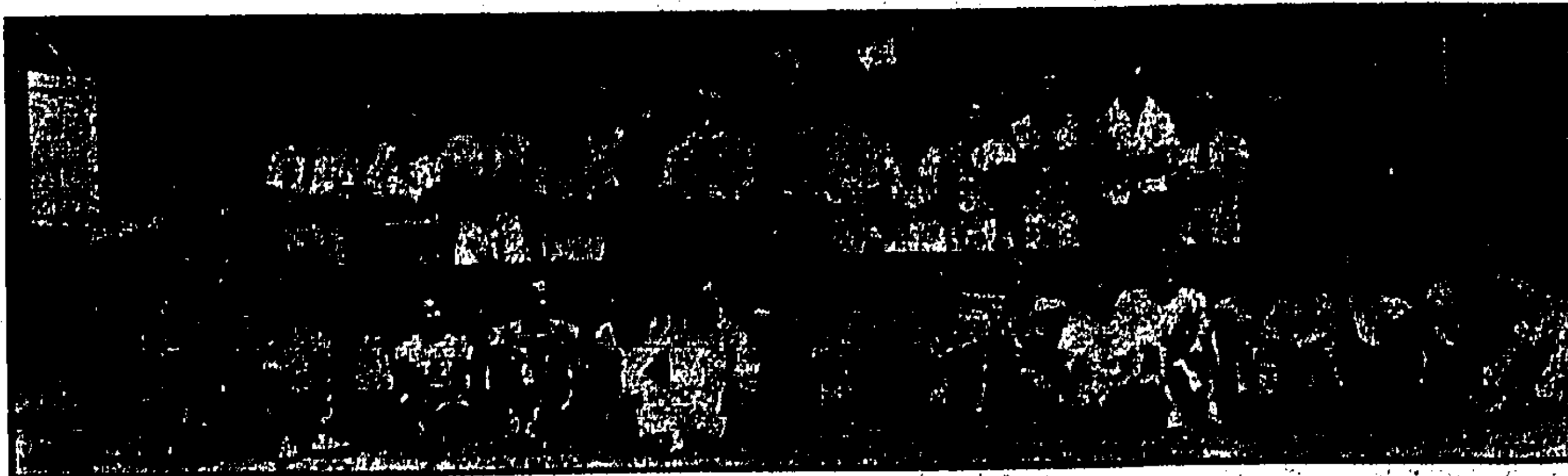
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selection of
Jewelled
Watches
for
Ladies



The watch the world has learned to trust
Some day you will own one

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORISED RETAILERS

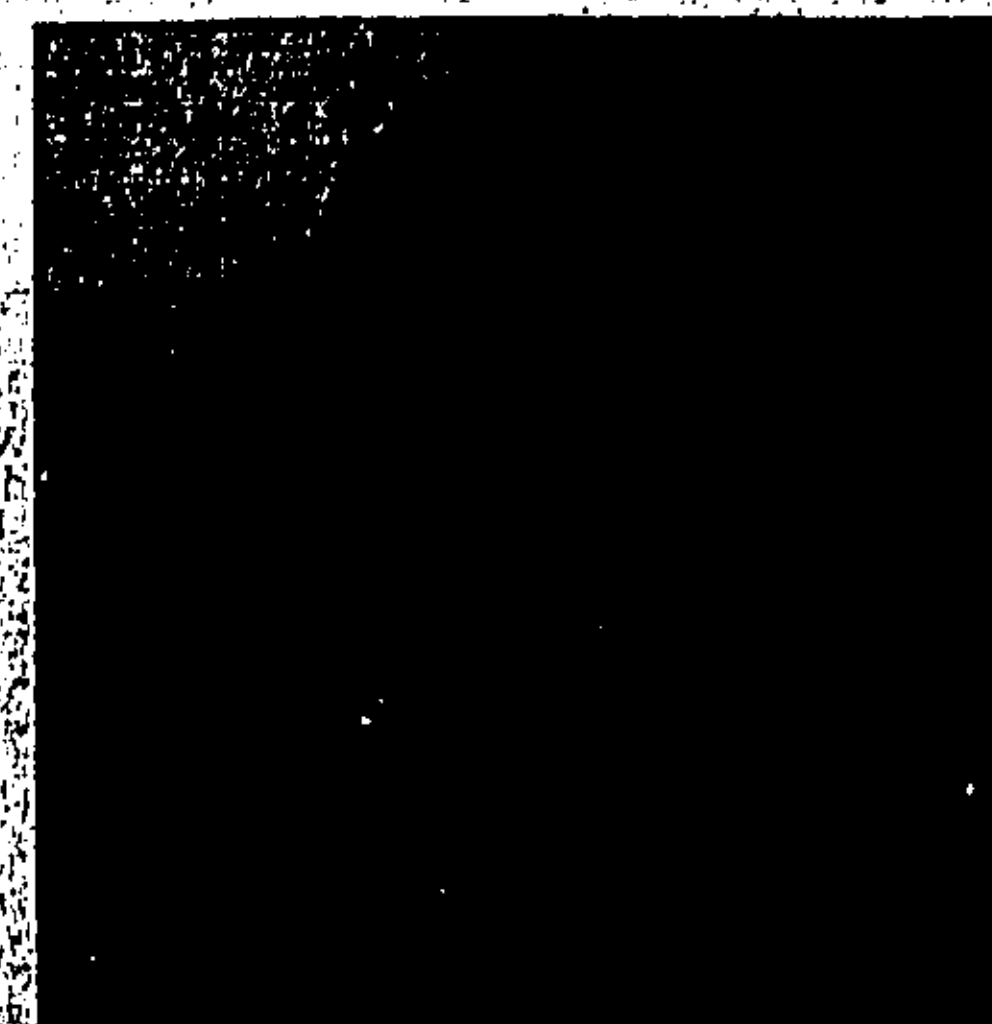
Only Agents: OMTE LTD. OMEGA * ZEPHYRUS * St. James Place



ABOVE: Those who took part in the Combined Oxford-Hongkong Scratch Regatta at Middle Island last week, pose here for our photographer. A barbecue was held afterwards.

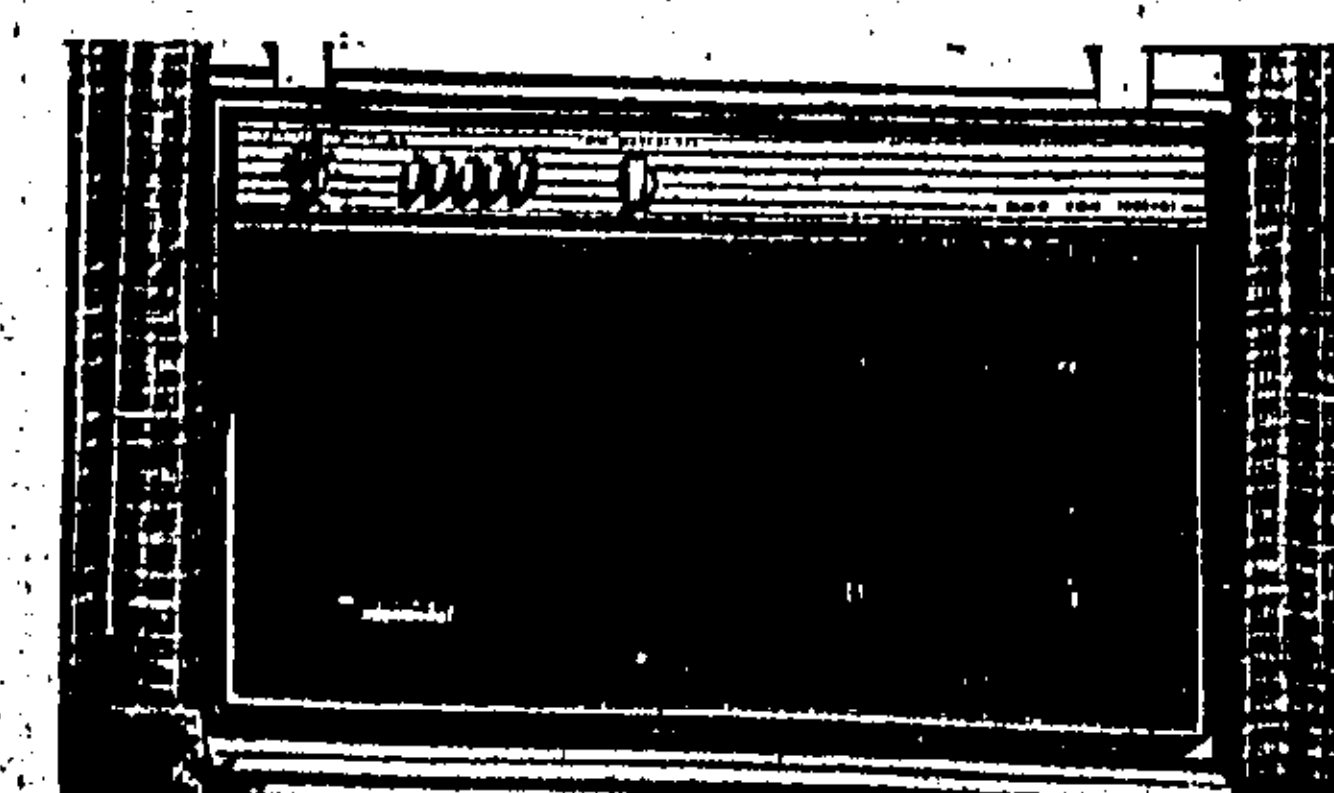


★
LEFT: Mr J. M. Alves who recently celebrated his 88th birthday. For many years a prominent Colony merchant, Mr Alves has lived most of his life in Hongkong.



★
RIGHT: Cedric Thomas, son of Mr and Mrs J. E. Tetzl, who celebrated his fourth birthday on September 6, with cutting his cake with the aid of his mother.

PHILCO LEADS THEM ALL



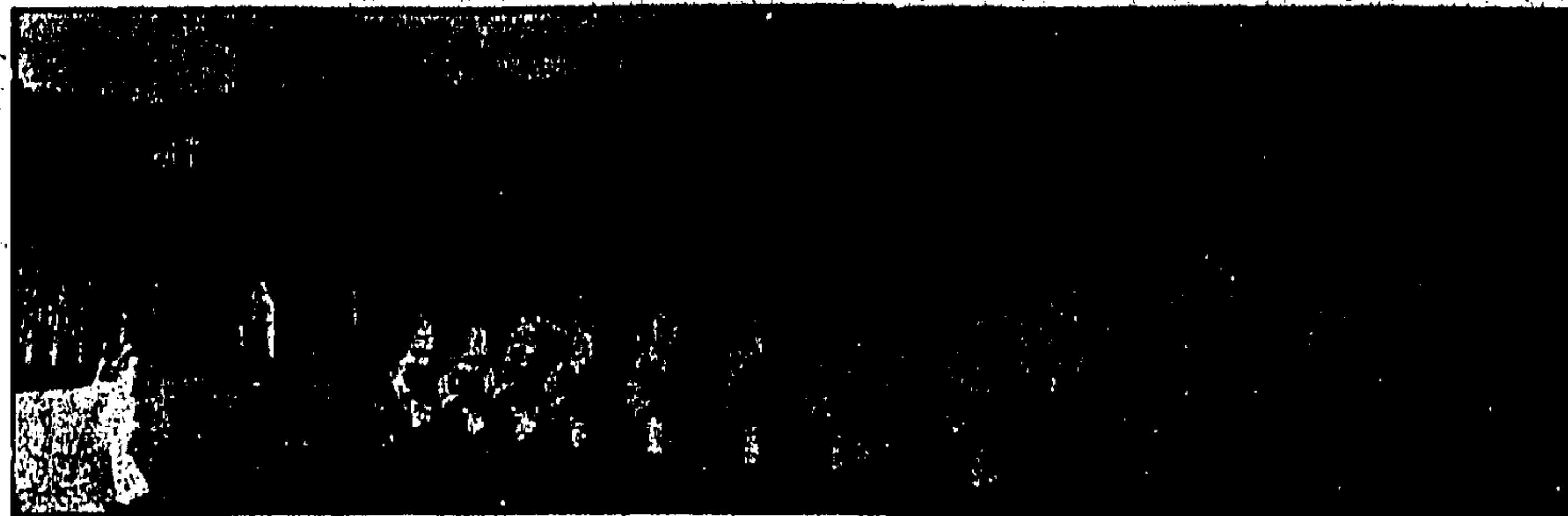
ONE Horse power!
A true 50-CYCLE Air-Conditioner
with

12,000 BTU's
(A.S.H.R.A.E. TESTING STANDARD)

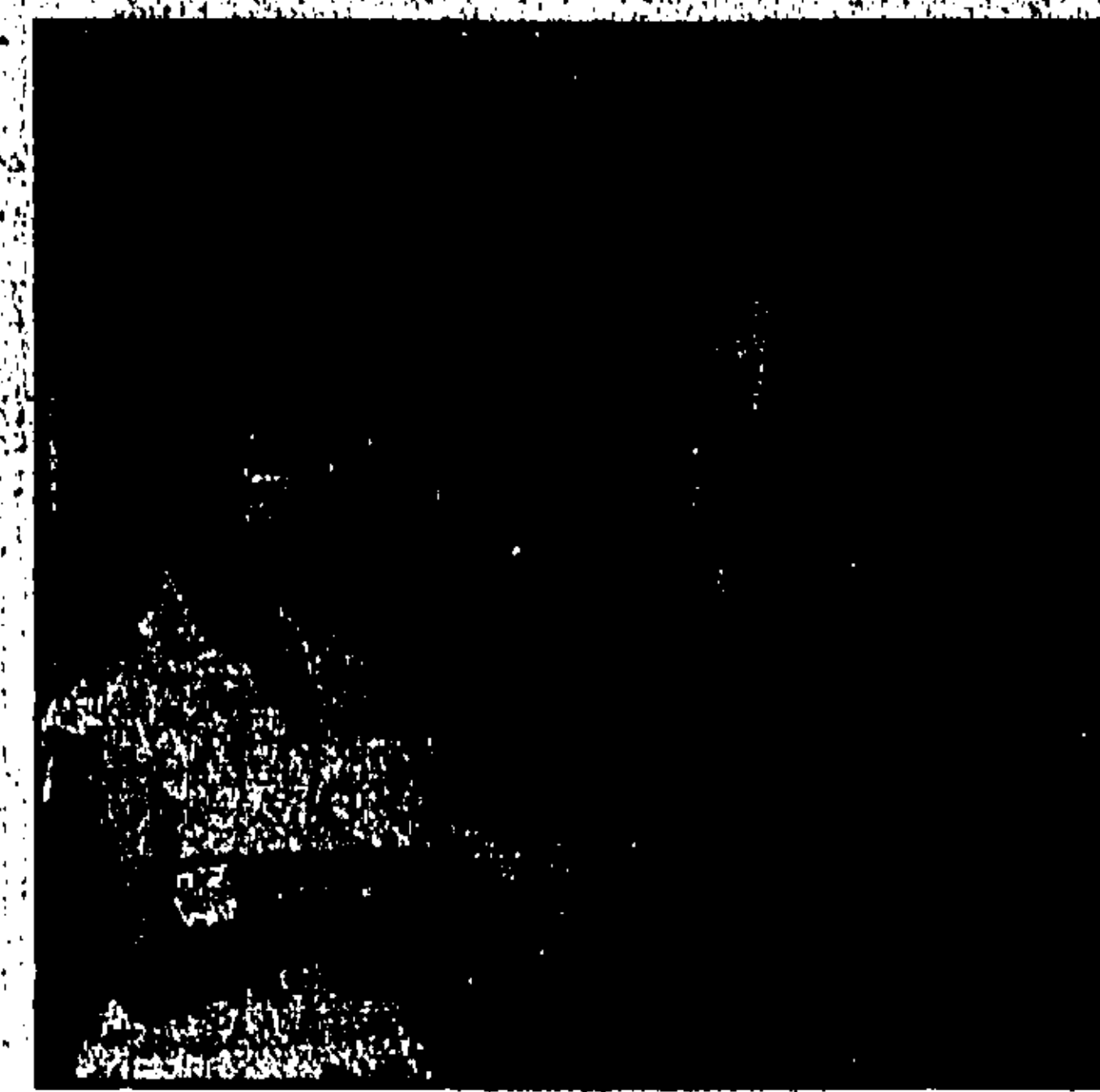
GUARANTEED COOLING CAPACITY
AND
HONGKONG'S TOP SERVICE FROM
GILMANS



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Wilfred Wong Jr after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last week. The bride is the former Miss Gloria Chan.



ABOVE: A scene at the Beating of the Retreat at San Wai Camp by the 1st Battalion, the Northumberland Fusiliers, this week.



RIGHT: Mr. Peter Barnard, of the Rowing Section of the HKYC, presents a bouquet to Mrs. P. E. Stock after the presentation of trophies following the rowing races between Hongkong and the Oxford University Rowing Club.



ABOVE: Mr Julius C. Holmes, new U.S. Consul-General to Hongkong, and his family is met on arrival in the Colony by Mr Ed Fried.



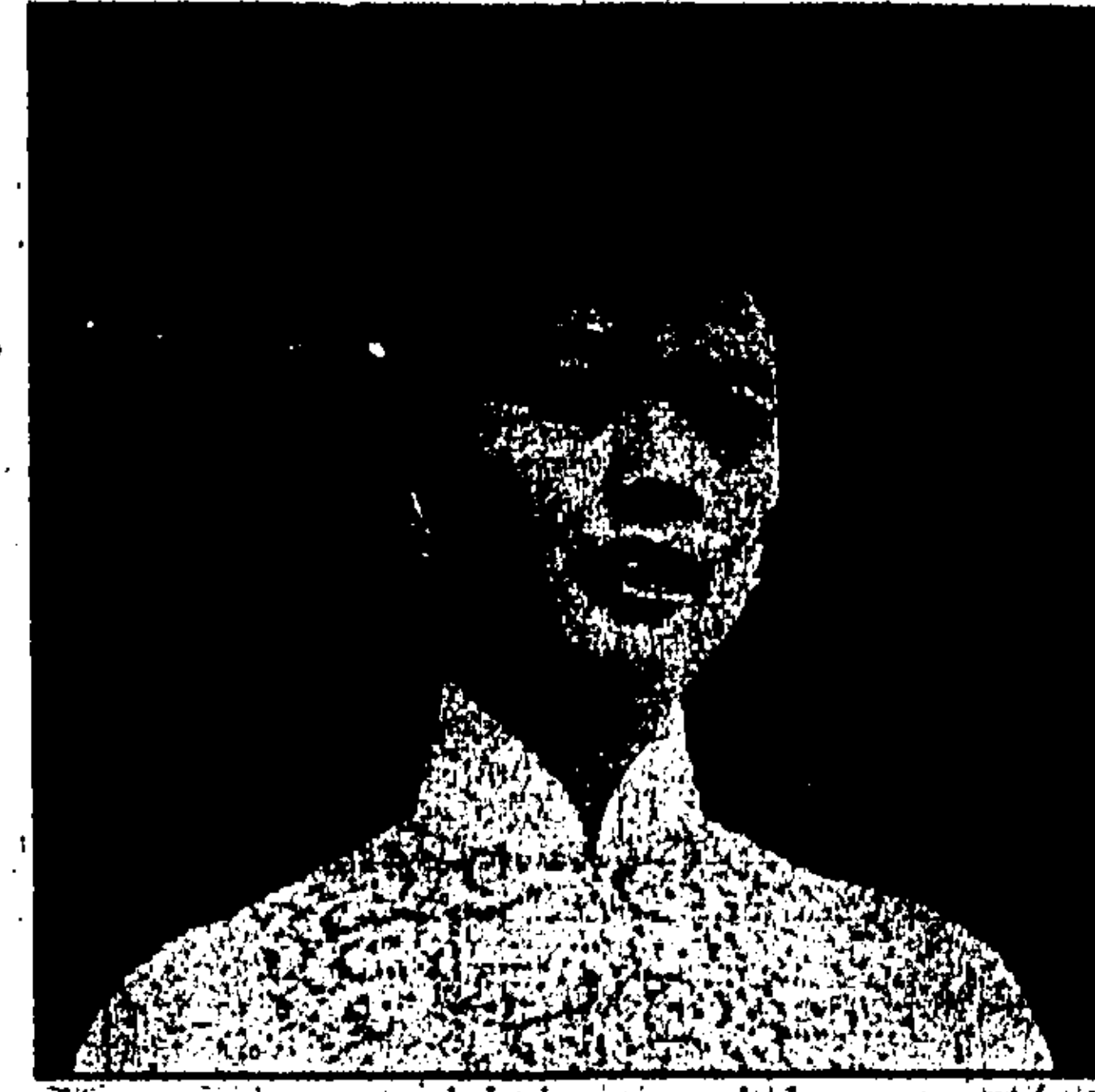
ABOVE: Squadron Leader G. J. Bell, Officer Commanding, Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force, lays a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance at the Saiwan Military Cemetery in commemoration of the Battle of Britain.



ABOVE: Mr C. Y. Kwan (centre) inspects the passing out parade of Auxiliary Police at Aberdeen this week. With him is Assistant Superintendent of Police (Auxiliary), Mr Ramon Young.



LEFT: Miss Carol Ann Gough, centre, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. W. Gough, is seen off at Kai Tak Airport when she returned to the United Kingdom by Boac recently.



LEFT: Miss Louise Leung, a glamorous member of the Chinese Manufacturers' Association trade delegation to Singapore, which left by air recently headed by Mr Yen Man-leung.



BELOW: The Electricity Commission of Enquiry visited installations of the China Light and Power Co., recently. Seen (l-r) are Mr Dhun Rutonjee, Mr C. F. Wood (manager of the Company), Mr J. Mould, Mr C. J. M. Bennet and Mr G. H. V. Ribeiro (meter superintendent).



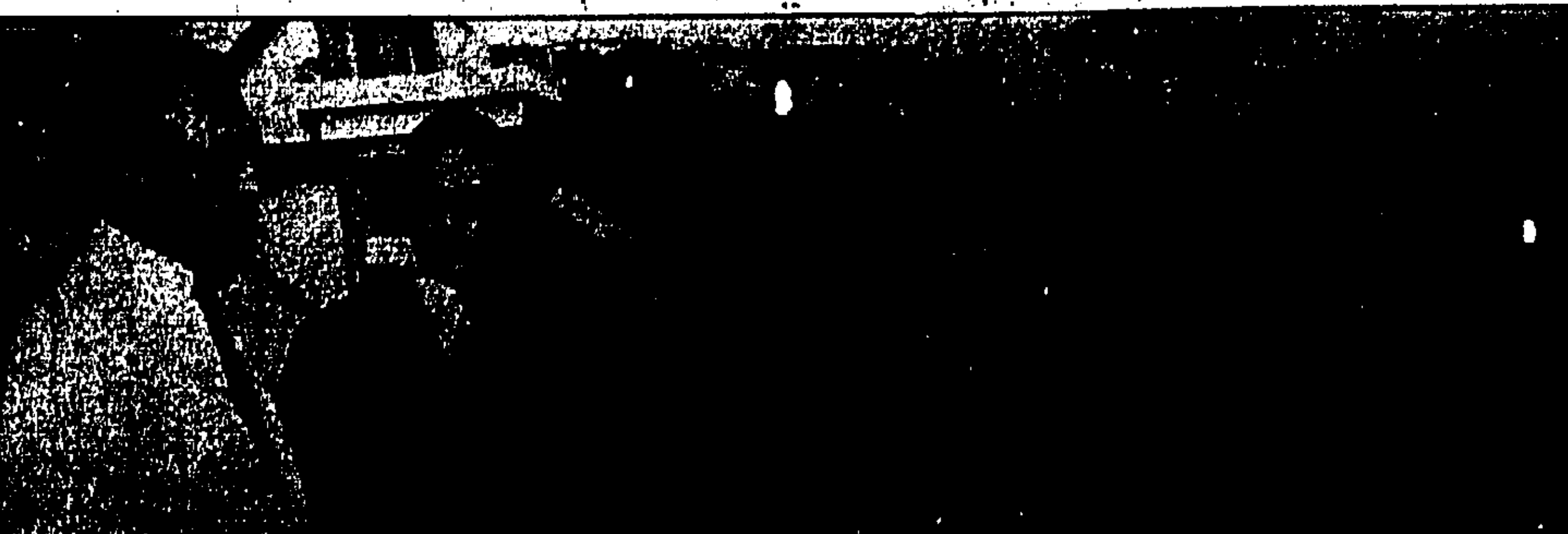
ABOVE: Beautiful Motion Picture and General Investment movie star, Miss Christina Pai Lu-ming, waves farewell before flying to Singapore on a personal appearance tour.



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Chung Yat-fai after their wedding at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Leung Suk-chee.



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Yung Sau-min after their wedding at 24 Belcher Gardens last week. The bride is the former Miss Leung Kwan-yuk.



ABOVE: The new Governor of Macao, H.E. Lord Alton, arrived recently in Hongkong en route to his new post. Seen at the airport to greet him are (l-r) Mr J. E. N. de Oliveira Figueira (Portuguese Consul-General), Mr A. L. Nery, Mr M. J. Macgregor-Williams, the Governor, and Mr C. D. Burgess (Officer Administering the Hongkong Government).

New Refrigerator styling that fits in to look built-in!

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Tonight's Floorshows

★ **FRANKIE FERRER** ★
The Dancing Balancer and King of Daring Stunts with
The internationally famous

★ **DUPONT MARIONETTES** ★
direct from the Paris Lido and the London Palladium.

Music by: **Francisco Garcia & his Dynamic Dancers**
Vocalist: **Luz y Linda**

THE COVER GIRL

First Floor, Muiwen House, Nathan Rd., Kowloon.
FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 44805



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



AUTUMN DRESS

**KNITTING
IS RELAXING
say the experts**



Materials:

19 ozs. Sirdar Fontaine
Creme Wool.
2 No. 9, 2 No. 10 and 2
No. 11 "Aero" Knitting
Needles.
3 Buttons.

Measurements:

To fit 36 inch Bust.
Length: Shoulder to
waist 16 ins.
Waist to hem 27 ins.

Tension:

8 sts and 9 rows to 1
inch over patt. on No. 10
needles.

PLEASE CHECK YOUR
TENSION VERY CARE-
FULLY.

Abbreviations:

Reg., beginning; cont., con-
tinue; dec., decrease; fin.,
finishing; foll., following; g.
st., garter stitch; ins.,
inches; inc., increase; k.,
knit; m., make; m. st.,
moss stitch; p., purl; patt.,
pattern; p.s.s.o., pass slip-
ped stitch over; rep., re-
peat; rem., remain; sl.,
slip; sts., stitches; st. st.,
stocking stitch; tog., to-
gether; wl. bk., wool back;
wl. fwd., wool forward
Crochet; ch., chain; d.c.,
double crochet; sl. st., slip
stitch; tr., treble.

N. B.

(Dress worked from
shoulder to hem, this allows
for required length from
shoulder to waist to hem).
For size 34 inch bust use
one size smaller needles, for

size 38 inch bust use one size
larger needles.

BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on
40 sts.

Shoulder Shaping:

1st row: K. to end.
2nd row: Cast on 7 sts., p.
to end. (47 sts.)

3rd row: Cast on 7 sts., k.1
to last 4 sts., k.4, sts. (54 sts.)

4th row: Cast on 7 sts., k.1
to last 3 sts., p.2, k.1. (61 sts.)

5th row: Cast on 7 sts., k.
to end. (68 sts.)

6th row: Cast on 7 sts., p.
to end. (75 sts.)

7th row: Cast on 7 sts., patt.
to end. (82 sts.)

8th row: Cast on 7 sts., patt.
to end. (89 sts.)

9th row: K. to end. (96 sts.)

10th row: Cast on 9 sts., p.
to end. (105 sts.)

11th row: Cast on 9 sts.,
k.2, sl.2, k. wise. Rep. from
* to last 2 sts., k.2. (114 sts.)

12th row: P.2, sl.2, p. wise.
Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p.2.
k.2. (123 sts.)

13th row: K. to end. (130 sts.)

14th row: P. to end. (137 sts.)

15th row: K.2 * k.2, sl.2, k.
wise. Rep. from * to last 4 sts.,
k.4.

16th row: P.2 * p.2, sl.2, p.
wise. Rep. from * to last 4 sts.,
p.4.

17th row: K. to end. (144 sts.)

18th row: P. to end. (151 sts.)

19th row: K.2, sl.2, k.
wise. Rep. from * to last 2 sts.,
k.2.

20th row: P.2, sl.2, p.
wise. Rep. from * to last 2 sts.,
p.2.

The last 8 rows, (13 to 20
inclusive) complete the patt.
Rep. them until work measures
4 1/2 ins. from last inc. on
shoulder fin. with a wrong side
row.

Armhole Shaping:
Keeping continuity of patt.
cont. thus:

Next row: Inc. in 1st st.,
patt. to last st., inc. in last st.
Next row: Patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows 7 times
more. (180 sts.) Cast on 4 sts.
at beg. of next 2 rows. (188
sts.) Cont. in patt. until work
measures 6 ins. from last inc.
on armhole shaping. Change to
No. 10 needles. Cont. in patt.
until work measures 12 ins.
from armhole shaping. Waist
of dress is now reached. Change
to No. 9 needles. Cont. in
patt. until work measures 42
ins. or required length less 1
inch. from last inc. on shoulder
shaping fin. with a purl patt.
row. Change to No. 11 needles.
Work 1 inch in g.st. Cast off.

Next row: Inc. in 1st st.,
patt. to last 8 sts., k.8.
Rep. last 2 rows 7 times more.
(207 sts.)

Next row: Cast on 4 sts., patt.
to last 8 sts., k.8. (211 sts.)

Cont. in patt. as before with-
out further shaping until work
measures 1 1/2 ins. from last inc.
on armhole shaping fin. with a
wrong side row.

Next row: Cast off 8 sts.
leave rem. 93 sts. on holder.

Right Shoulder Shaping:
With No. 9 needles cast on
7 sts.

Next row: K. to end.
Proceed as follows:
1st row: P. to end.

2nd row: Cast on 7 sts., k.1
to last st., k.1. (14 sts.)

3rd row: K.1 * sl.2, p. wise.
Rep. from * to last st.,
k.1. (21 sts.)

4th row: Cast on 7 sts., k.
to end. (28 sts.)

5th row: Cast on 7 sts., p.
to end. (35 sts.)

6th row: K.1 * k.2, sl.2, k.
wise. Rep. from * to last 3 sts.,
k.3. (42 sts.)

7th row: Cast on 9 sts., k.1
to last 3 sts., p.2, Rep.
from * to last 3 sts., sl.2, p.
wise. Rep. from * to last 3 sts.,
k.1. (51 sts.)

Left Front Neck Shaping:
Working in the same patt.
as given for the back, keeping
the armhole edge straight cont.
thus:

Next 6 rows: Patt. to end.

Next row: Inc. in 1st st., patt.
to end.

Next row: Patt. to last st.,
inc. in last st. Rep. last 2 rows 3
times more. (45 sts.)

Next row: Cast on 14 sts.,
k.8, patt. to end. (59 sts.)

Next row: Patt. to last 8 sts.,
k.8. (67 sts.)

Next row: K.8, patt. to end.
Cont. as before working the
8 sts. in g.st. and the 51 sts.

in patt. until work measures
4 1/2 ins. from last inc. on
shoulder shaping fin. with a
right side row.

Armhole Shaping:

Next row: Inc. in 1st st.,
patt. to last 8 sts., k.8.

Next row: K.8, patt. to end.
Rep. last 2 rows 7 times more.
(207 sts.)

Next row: Cast on 4 sts., patt.
to last 8 sts., k.8. (211 sts.)

Cont. in patt. as before with-
out further shaping until work
measures 1 1/2 ins. from last inc.
on armhole shaping fin. with a
wrong side row.

Next row: Cast off 8 sts.
leave rem. 93 sts. on holder.

Right Shoulder Shaping:
With No. 9 needles cast on
7 sts.

Next row: K. to end.
Proceed as follows:
1st row: P. to end.

2nd row: Cast on 7 sts., k.1
to last st., k.1. (14 sts.)

3rd row: K.1 * sl.2, p. wise.
Rep. from * to last st.,
k.1. (21 sts.)

4th row: Cast on 7 sts., k.
to end. (28 sts.)

5th row: Cast on 7 sts., p.
to end. (35 sts.)

6th row: K.1 * k.2, sl.2, k.
wise. Rep. from * to last 3 sts.,
k.3. (42 sts.)

7th row: Cast on 9 sts., k.1
to last 3 sts., p.2, Rep.
from * to last 3 sts., sl.2, p.
wise. Rep. from * to last 3 sts.,
k.1. (51 sts.)

Left Front Neck Shaping:
Working in the same patt.
as given for the back, keeping
the armhole edge straight cont.
thus:

Next 6 rows: Patt. to end.

Next row: Inc. in 1st st., patt.
to end.

Next row: Patt. to last st.,
inc. in last st. Rep. last 2 rows 3
times more. (45 sts.)

Next row: Cast on 14 sts.,
k.8, patt. to end. (59 sts.)

Next row: Patt. to last 8 sts.,
k.8. (67 sts.)

Next row: K.8, patt. to end.
Cont. as before working the
8 sts. in g.st. and the 51 sts.

Next row: Using No. 9 needles
patt. to last 10 sts., using
No. 11 needles sl.1, k. to end.

Next row: Using No. 11
needles, p.10, using No. 9
needles patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows working 10
sts. on No. 11 needles in st. st.
and the remainder on No. 9
needles in patt. until work
measures 1 1/2 inch from last inc.
at front neck fin. with a right
side row.

Next row: (Buttonholes) using
No. 11 needles, p.3, cast off 3,
p.3, using No. 9 needles, patt.
3, cast off 3, patt. to end. (170
sts.)

Next row: Using No. 9 needle,
patt. to last 10 sts., cast on 3,
p.3, using No. 11 needle,
sl.1, k.3, cast on 2, k.3.

Next row: Using No. 11
needle, p.10, using No. 9
needles, patt. to end.

Next row: Using No. 9 needle,
patt. to last 10 sts., using No. 11
needle, sl.1, k. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until work
measures 2 1/2 ins. from last but-
tonhole. Work another button-
hole. Cont. as before until
work measures 4 1/2 ins. from last
inc. on shoulder fin. with a
wrong side row.

Armhole Shaping:
Using 2 sizes of needles as
before, work to match the arm-
hole shaping on left front
reversing shaping. (85 sts.)



Knit-it-yourself separates: this sports ensemble
of sweater, pants, trows and pullover are all home-
made from scarlet, black and white wool.

Cont. without further shaping
until work measures 2 1/2 ins.
from last buttonhole. Work
off.

Rep. last row until g.st.
measures 1/2 inch from beg. Cast
off.

First join shoulder seams.
With right side of work facing
using No. 11 needles pick up
and k.52 sts. along front-arm-
hole edge, 52 sts. along back
armhole edge. (104 sts.) Work
1/2 inch in g.st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron
over a damp cloth. Join side
seams. Turn in right front
facing along the sl. st. line, sl.
into place. Buttonhole stitch
round buttonholes. Tuck the left
front g.st. band under right and
st. into place. Set collar so
that it meets half way along
top of front bands. Press all
seams. Sew on buttons to
correspond with buttonholes.

Prevent bacon from curling
by dipping it in cold water be-
fore frying.

An unusual topping for hot
dogs combines crushed pineapple
with raisins. Spread on frank-
furters that have been seasoned
with a thin layer of prepared
mustard.

HOUSEHOLD
HINTS

Prevent bacon from curling
by dipping it in cold water be-
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furters that have been seasoned
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Prevent bacon from curling
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STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Even Pigs Had Wings!

—Baron Munch Tells One of His High-Flown Stories—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the
Shadows with the Turned
About Names, were walking
along Book Boulevard (this is a
street that runs behind the
bookcase between the window
and the curtain) when they met
their friend, Baron Munch.

After bidding them good
morning, the Baron asked if
they had happened to see a Pig
flying by.

Now Knarf and Hanid had
often heard Baron Munch say
strange things. They had never,
however, heard him talk about
a flying Pig. They at once burst
out laughing.

"Pigs can't fly," Baron Munch
said. Hanid, "They have no
wings."

Others Would, Too

"If Pigs had wings," Knarf
put in, "then so would Cows
and Horses have wings, too."

At this Baron Munch smiled
pleasantly. He nodded his head.
"I know it will surprise you
children a great deal," he said,
"but the truth of the matter is
that in a certain country that
I once visited, not only did the
Pigs have wings but the Cows
and Horses and Dogs and Cats
and Mice and Rabbits had
wings as well."

This sounded like a story and
Knarf and Hanid promptly
begged Baron Munch to tell it
to them.

"Gladly," he said.
They now found a pleasant
bench under a shady tree at the

side of the street. Here they all
sat down.

Appearances Deceive

"Well," Baron Munch began,
"four or five years ago, I was
on a hunting trip in Asia. One
night as I reached a valley on
the far side of an extremely
high mountain I was surprised
to see some very large Birds
in the air. At least I thought
they were Birds."

"I went until the next day,"
Baron Munch continued, "that
I discovered they weren't Birds
at all. I had come to a field
where a herd of Cows was graz-
ing. Suddenly, as I drew near
them, they became frightened
and instead of just running off
as ordinary Cows would have
done, they rose up into the air
like giant Birds. It was then
that I noticed that each of the
Cows had a pair of large wings."

"Later that day I reached a
village! Here I was surprised to
find Pigs flying about and eat-
ing leaves off the treetops. I
saw Dogs chasing Cats high
over my head. I saw Cats flying
after Mice and I was most sur-
prised to see Boys and Girls
flying around."

"Were they Angels?" shouted
Knarf and Hanid.

Baron Munch smiled.

Wonderful Valley

"It was a wonderful valley. I
only wish I could find it again.
I took home one of the flying
Pigs. But just this morning I
noticed that it had flown away."



Pigs were flying about
eating leaves off trees.

I suppose it's going back to its
own country. Perhaps some day
I'll be able to find it again."

"If wish you could find that
country," Knarf said to Baron
Munch. "I'd love to be able to
fly around."

"So would I," said Hanid.
But Baron Munch just shook
his head and smiled.

"I can't ever seem to remem-
ber just where that country was.
I can't seem to remember at all."

Brain Teasers

Twenty words and expressions
are defined, all of which contain
the word BLACK, such as
BLACKEN, BLACK WALNUT,
BLACK SEA. See how many
of these words you know.

1. He shoes horses
2. Common flying animal
3. Troublesome woodland in-
sect
4. Something to write on
5. A rascal
6. An Indian tribe
7. Magic, witchcraft
8. Boy who was frightened by
four tigers
9. A weapon
10. A summer fruit
11. Money obtained by threat-
ening people
12. Sheepskin
13. A book about a horse writ-
ten by Anna Sewall
14. To vote against
15. Dreadful plague of the mid-
dle ages
16. Soot
17. Name for a police wagon
18. Names of people who are
not approved
19. Darkness
20. Substance used in making
tyres

ANSWERS:

1. Blacksmith
2. Blackbird
3. Black beetle
4. Blackboard
5. Blackguard
6. Blackfoot
7. Black magic
8. Black and white
9. Black gun
10. Blackberry
11. Blackmail
12. Black sheep
13. Black horse
14. Blacklist
15. Black death
16. Black smoke
17. Blackboard
18. Black and white
19. Blackout
20. Black rubber

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Colour Code For
Colouring This Indian Fight

- RED
- YELLOW
- ORANGE
- GREEN
- BLUE
- PURPLE

Rupert and the Outlaws—30



Not liking to call out, Rupert
scrambled to the upper track to
follow the dog. Before he can
catch the animal it has reached the
camp and run happily towards one
of the women who grabs the broken
lead. Seeing the dog captured,
Rupert runs into the clearing and
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Miss Hills, 16, joins the beatniks

★ THOMAS WISEMAN'S ★ *Time* ★ *Light* ★

London. THE unhappy hedonists, known in America as beatniks, are the subject of a film now being made in England. Determined, somewhat belatedly, to get in the groove, to get with it, man (whatever it is one gets with), I went to Elstree studios in Boreham Wood the other day where they are making a film, called *Beat Girl*, which purports to show Britain's wild teenagers in action. Living for kicks.

I found myself among a lot of soft-drink-sodden young men in denim jeans and black leather jerkins and strange haircuts and young girls in black jeans and black polo-necked sweaters, all trying to be hip as hell before the cameras.

If the mood they created on the set was suggestive not so much of juvenile Bacchanalia as of a rather disorderly nursery, this must be because English beatniks tend to be somewhat half-hearted about being beat.

Moreover, there is a censor to contend with.

Strip-tease

Mr George Minter, the producer of the film, said he was making "a story for the kids." He did not quite know why it was called *Beat Girl*, but didn't that have something to do with the fact that they liked music with a fast beat?

He did not really understand what these kids were all hot up about or hepped-up about, but if they wanted a film about beatniks, whoever or whatever they were, he would give them it.

For good measure, he was going to have some scenes in a strip-tease club which he thought everyone would understand, even the squares.

Playing the title role of the *Beat Girl* is a well-built child, called Gillian Hills, the daughter of an economics lecturer.

Miss Hills was discovered earlier this year by Roger Vadim, who proposed to put her in a Lolita-type film he was going to make.

Apparently she reminded him of his former wife and discovery Brigitte Bardot.

Public outcry forced him to drop her and it seemed as if Miss Hills' film career was over before it had begun.

Now, six months later, Miss Hills (contact with the film business having apparently aged her dramatically) is making her debut in *Beat Girl*, officially aged 16.

I talked to this rapidly ageing child after she had spent two hours pouting into the cameras.

She said she was thrilled to bits about being an actress (big pout) and wasn't it fun (pout and wriggle) and yes she had been disappointed about not getting the role for the Vadim film, but upon mature consideration (pout, wriggle and sexy smile) she had come to the conclusion that she was too young for the part.

Didn't she think she was too young for her current part, considering that the script called for her to do an amateur strip-tease at the climax of the film?

Miss Hills pouted some more and wriggled some more and looked towards Mummy watching from several yards away.

"I don't know about that," she said. "I haven't got to that part in the script yet. Oh I like what I have to do. Oh I didn't know that! Oh! (Pout, wriggle and sexy smile).

"Didn't you read the story?" I asked.

"No, I don't remember that bit of it," she said.

Mrs Hills, who with dedicated mother love fusses over her daughter and sees to it that she is photographed from the right angles, also didn't know anything about her little Gillian being expected to strip.

She hadn't read that bit of the script either.

So nice

"I don't know. I haven't discussed that scene yet with the director," she said. "I can't say I would stop her doing it because that's the script. But I'm sure if they do it, they'll do it in a very nice way—they always do these things nicely in England, don't they?"

"Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't have to take much off," added Mummy sweetly and reassuringly. Her daughter wasn't a bit beat in real life. She was very bright and passed all her exams and one day she'd continue her schooling when she had the time.

The director of *Beat Girl* is a man called Edmund Greville, whose latest film *Templeton* is now open in London in the other week.

GILLIAN HILLS: Thrilled to bits about being an actress...



It tells the story of "what happens when three women, one of them a nymphomaniac, are wrecked on a lonely island with one man."

Mr Greville said that Gillian's strip scene had been provisionally approved by the censor. He had stipulated that she must do the strip-tease in such a way that it will suggest an act of childish rebellion rather than precocious sexuality.

Mr Greville wasn't, he said, interested in making titillating films like some directors were; he was concerned with human relationships.

But he wasn't in favour of the censor who has once cut a scene in one of his films showing a man taking off a girl's stockings—a very important scene in establishing human relationships. In this present film he was trying to show an aspect of

Perplexed

The final comment on beat girls and beatniks was provided by Miss Shirley Ann Field (who is one of them in the film). She was perplexed. She could not understand the younger generation at all.

The other day one of the boys on the film asked her how old she was. She said she was 23. Gallantly he said that was all right because he preferred older women anyway.

—(London Express Service).

Caught In A Killing!

By LEONARD MOSLEY

There has never been a film quite like it before. It is brutally frank. It is shockingly honest. It goes to work on its characters with a surgical knife, cutting them open so that you can see the way their hearts beat and their minds work.

If this film does not win the first prize at the Venice Film Festival, where it is about to be shown, then the jury does not know its job. I am talking about a film called *ANATOMY OF A MURDER*.

Its stars are James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. It was made by a fat, sour-faced, irascible motion-picture producer named Otto Preminger, who has a reputation, wherever film stars meet and talk about their trade, as the most terrifying man in the film business.

He bullies, drives, harasses, and badgers his actors and actresses until the most timid shakies and the women burst into tears.

Sincerity

Stars like Deborah Kerr and David Niven, two of Hollywood's most balanced star characters, go away to convalesce after they have made a film for Preminger.

On the surface, it looks like an "honour" killing, in which the husband can plead that he was invoking the principle of the "unwritten law."

Appeal

But is the motivation as simple as that? When Stewart questions the wife, he finds her a curiously mixed-up character. She dresses like a high-priced slut. She obviously revels in the effect her skin-tight clothes and her potent sex-appeal has on any man in sight.

Did she really fight for her virtue? Or did she just put on a show to deceive her husband? And the husband himself. Did he kill as an act of justice and revenge? Or did he do it in a mad and jealous rage—furious that his wife has given herself to another man?

Otto Preminger examines this emotional situation with a cold, clinical eye. He plays no favourites. There are no heroes or heroines in this film.

With a dead-pan camera he looks at his characters and strips away the superficialities behind which they hide their true selves.

The jury

In the murder trial, which takes up the major part of "Anatomy of a Murder," the skill of the director is such that you feel yourself no longer a member of the audience but one of the men and women on the jury.

James Stewart gives the performance of his life as the passionately effective defending counsel (acted by George C. Scott), whose cold, ruthless probing of the murderer and his wife will put goose-pimples on your skin.

Lee Remick achieves an astonishingly rounded picture of

the half-wanton, half-child who is the crux of the situation. Ben Gazzara is the enigmatic killer.

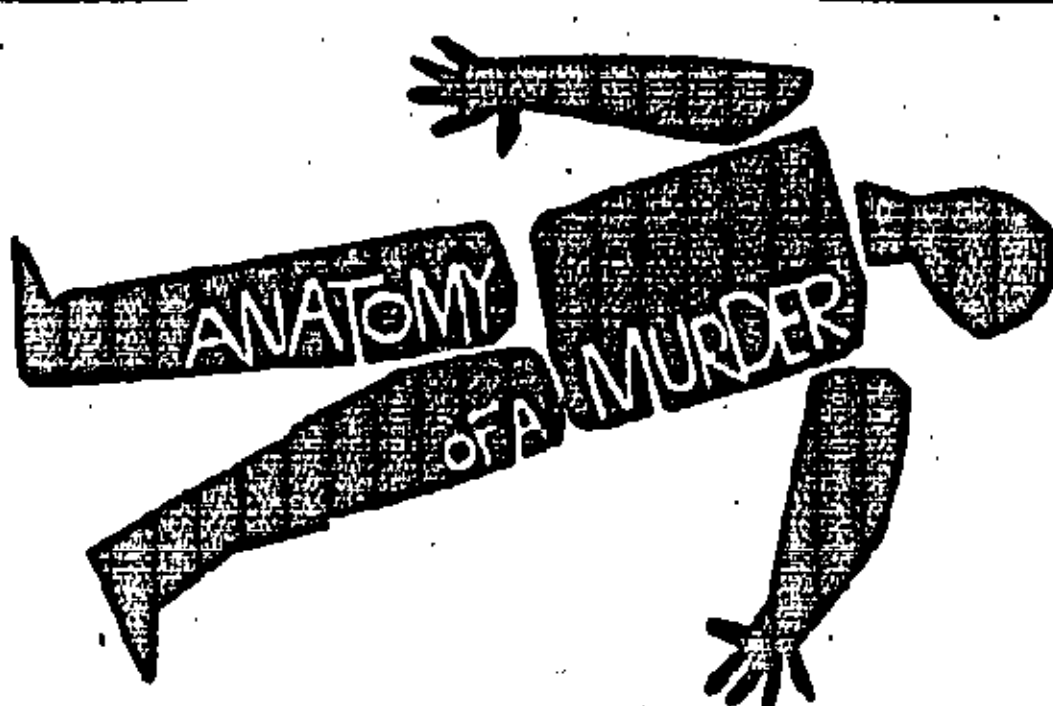
A lawyer

There is one other memorable performance from an amateur. The judge in the case is played by a professional lawyer named Joseph N. Welch.

Do you remember Mr Welch? He was the counsel for the United States Army who appeared before a Congressional committee in Washington a few years ago and tangled with the anti-Communist witch-hunter, the late Senator McCarthy.

His appearances on TV during those hearings won him widespread fame. He was the first man to challenge McCarthy at his demagogic game—and win.

This film shows that he is not only a good lawyer but a splendid actor too.



Roderick Mann

London. I ONCE asked a small Neapolitan boy what he wanted to be when he grew up and—without hesitation—he replied: "Gina Lollobrigida's lawyer." He knew a thing or two, this youth. For it was fast becoming apparent throughout Italy that—as the shapely Lollo rose to fame—she was going to make quite a thriving sideline out of litigation.

And it worked both ways. When she wasn't suing, she was being sued. On a good day you couldn't get through her apartment door for writs.

As the luscious Lollo is currently decorating the London scene, I went along the other day to find out how the sideline was going.

The reason

"Well," she said, "I suppose I do so rather a lot—but it is not a hobby with me, as some people have suggested. I can be sure, I don't see why people should be allowed to get away with things."

"My lawyer and I began our careers together, you know. He was quite unimportant when we first met. Now he is one of the biggest lawyers in Italy."

"I'm not surprised," I said. "I wonder the Italian Law Society hasn't erected a statue to you."

"People attack me," said Lollo, "because it is good publicity for them. Look at Melina Mercouri, the Greek actress. I

This is why they all feud with me, says La Lollo

made a film called *The Lulu* with her. What happened? In no time at all she was attacking me. She said I was so bald I had to wear a wig. She said everything about me was false—except my hips, and they were so enormous they couldn't be false."

She sat back on the settee, looking very good indeed—as if she'd been poured into her creamy-white Chanel suit, and said: "When" at exactly the right moment.

The publicity

"My worst critics," she said, "are the Italian newspapers. Of course, they have never been kind to their own celebrities. They build them up—then knock them down. Look at Mussolini... Mercouri... Turcanli. Up—then down. It's the same with their actresses. We're always being

knocked. And the things they say! When I came back from Hollywood this summer after making *Never So Few* with Frank Sinatra I read all over Italy that I was divorcing my husband and marrying Sinatra. Such rubbish!"

The exception

She got up to close the window.

"It's funny," she said, "but I get publicity whatever I do. Not long ago Darryl Zanuck begged me to tell him who my publicity agent was. You've had the most fantastic publicity build-up I've ever seen," he said. I want to hire the man. He just wouldn't believe it. When I told him I'd never had a publicity agent, he said: 'The lovely Lollo—whose lawyer—' with millions of pounds. Howard Hughes kept her out of Hollywood for nine years—

now planning to make several pictures there.

"I have high hopes for the one I just finished with Frank Sinatra," she said. "Though I should explain it is not a particularly big part for me. But I did not mind taking a small role. In Hollywood today there are very few really big parts for women. And very few women who can carry a picture by themselves."

"In fact, there's only one—Marilyn Monroe. Even Elizabeth Taylor needs other stars in a film. But not Marilyn. It is an interesting thing, when you think of it. In Italy and France, all the big stars are women. Just in America and Britain they are all male. It's because of the writers' superstition. None of your writers can write parts for women. 'Film-strip!' I heard 'we haven't got your kind of women.' 'Oh, really?' said Lollo, 'I'm a long, slow snake.'

TOP COLUMN OF SHOW BUSINESS

MISS JO MORROW—who is so new to pictures that hardly anyone has heard of her—recently completed *Our Man in Havana* with Alec Guinness, and is now working on *Gulliver's Travels*.

But she has the right approach, I suggest.

The other day, at the studio, she heard Guinness's name mentioned.

"Are you talking about Sir Alec Guinness?" she asked. "He played my father in my last film."

MR TENNESSEE WILLIAMS—the distinguished playwright—is successful enough, and rich enough, to do exactly as he pleases.

The other week in New York he turned up at the studio to see the rushes of his latest film *The Fugitive* and carrying his lunch in a small basket. It consisted of a salmon sandwich, cheese, and a roll.

FROM simple things a feud is born. Miss Betty Grable and Miss Doris Day are no longer talking. Simply because in a recent interview, Miss Day said: "I remember seeing Betty in pictures when I was a very little girl."

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY—said Mrs. Gary Frank: "Alcohol is an excellent liquid for preserving almost everything but secrets."

Bisquit



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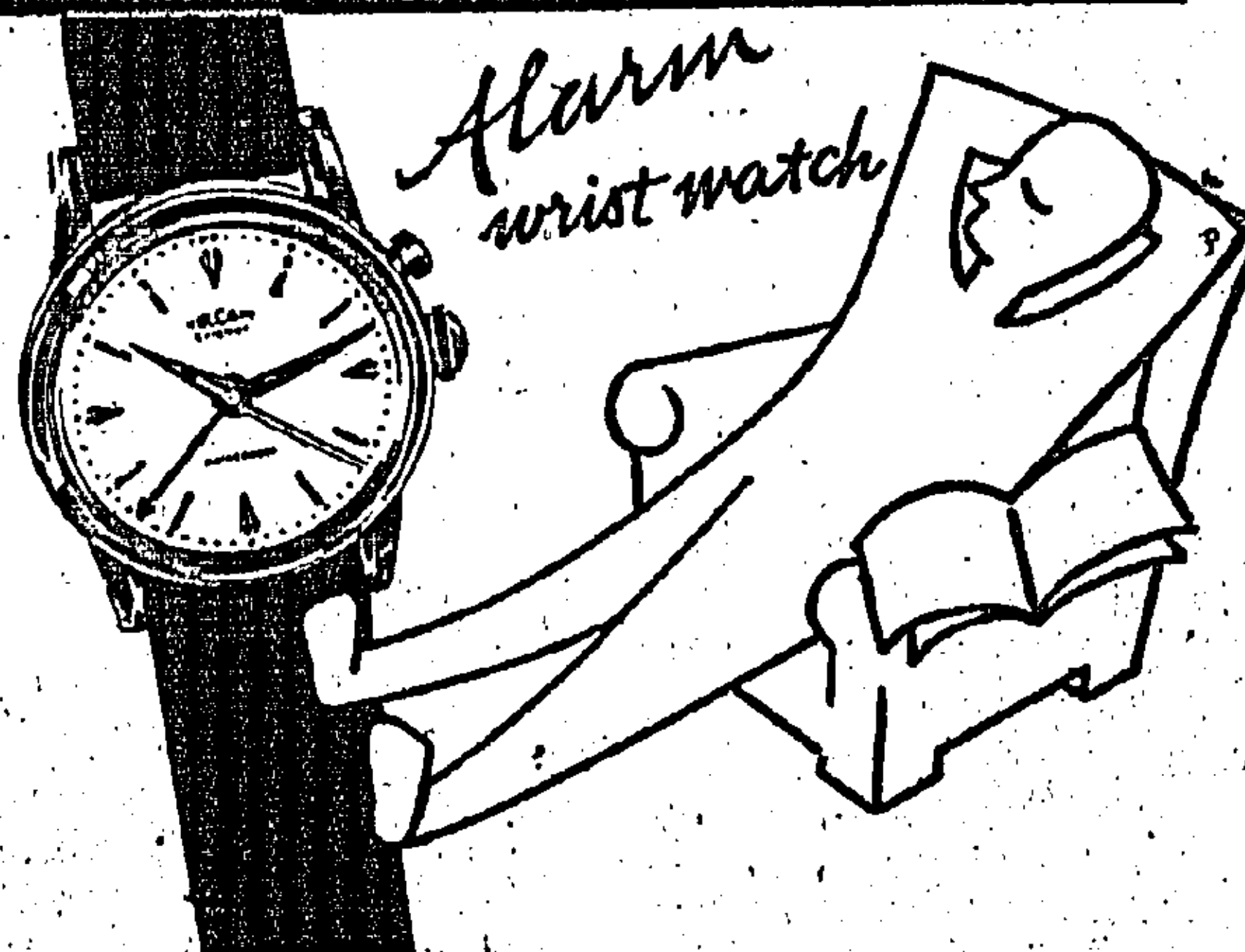
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A Premier's Wife Sums Him Up

THE Prime Minister's wife took a sheet of paper and wrote down her husband's chief qualities in a column on the left. Then on the right she added her own. She wrote:—

Very patient.
Often says what he does not think.
He is a genius.
He is to be depended on to a certain degree.
The wife in question, I hasten to say, was not Lady Dorothy Macmillan. She was Mary Anne Lincoln, wife of the American President. The book's title: **MARY ANNE LINCOLN AND MRS. DISRAELI**, by D. H. Elleston (Murray, 18s.).

Why did Disraeli marry his Mary Anne? As a young man he had declared: "I may make many mistakes in the course of my life, but I hope that among them I shall not make the mistake of marrying for love."

But Mary Anne had a fortune. Later she said herself: "Even if he did marry me for my money, if he had to do it again he would do it for love."

Compared

A delightful new book now compares her with another distinguished Mary Anne—Mary Ann Lincoln, wife of the American President. The book's title: **MARY ANNE LINCOLN AND MRS. DISRAELI**, by D. H. Elleston (Murray, 18s.).

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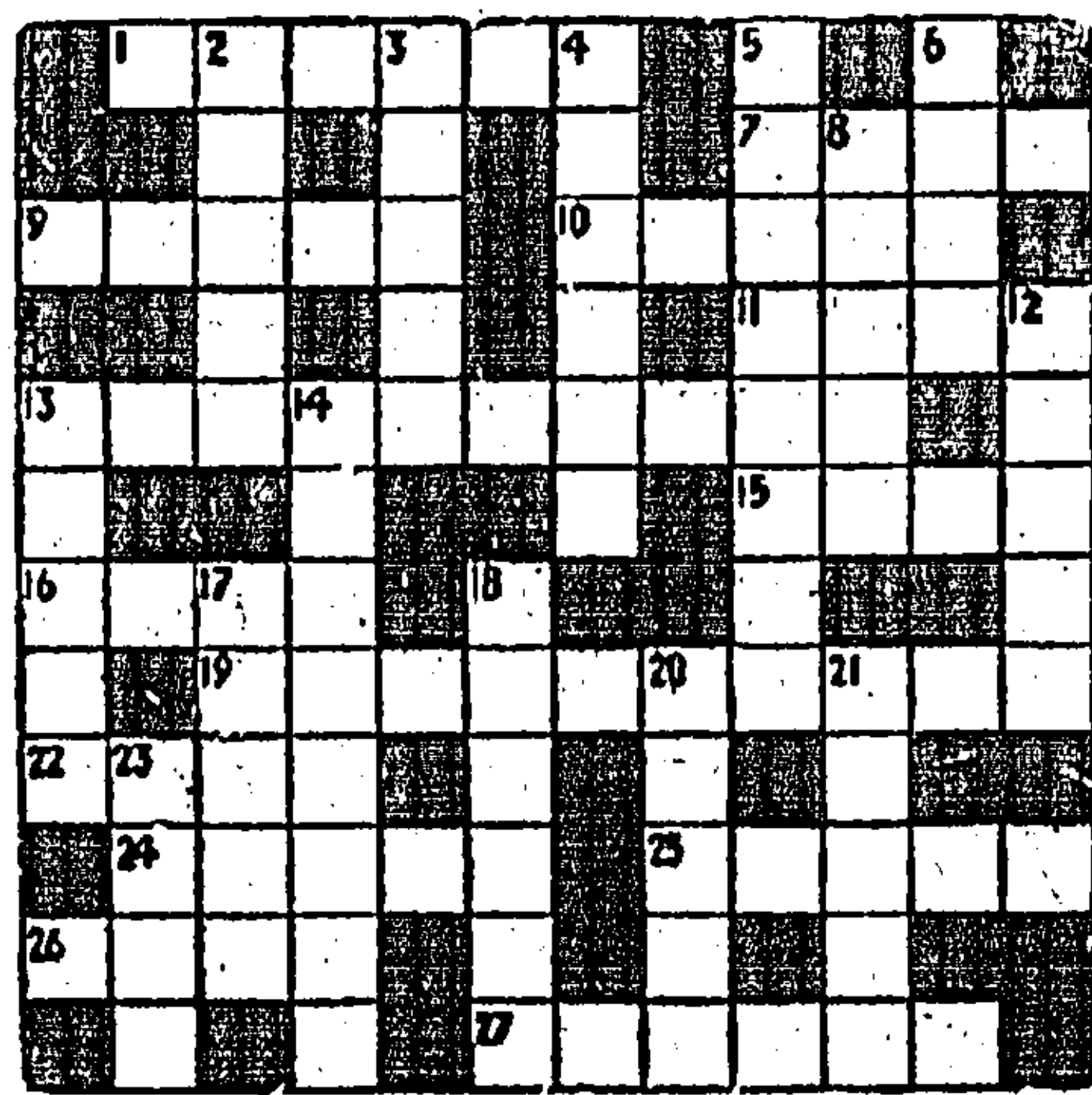
Lovable...

The new book helps to explain this change in Disraeli's heart. There was something lovable even about his wife's rapid chatter in company. At one party, someone mentioned a certain lady's dazzling wit.

Once at a country house a well-known general and his wife occupied the bedroom next to theirs. Innocent Mary Anne stunned the guests at breakfast next morning by announcing: "I have just argued between the greatest soldier and the greatest orator of the day."

At Mary Anne's death large quantities of her husband's hair were found fondly hoarded among her effects. She had always carried out all details of his hairdressing with her own hand. Asked one local villager at her funeral: "Who will he get to dye his hair now?"

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Bank counter (6).
- 2 Mobs run it sometimes (4).
- 3 Quoted (5).
- 4 Lash (5).
- 5 Sort of leaving certificate? (4).
- 6 Lifelessness (10).
- 7 Impressive creature, as it were (4).
- 8 Besides (4).
- 9 Get into the middle (10).
- 10 Give encouragement (4).
- 11 Weeper (5).
- 12 Scott wrote of his fortunes (5).
- 13 He comes from Marlow, England (4).
- 14 One by one, we get a team (6).

DOWN

- 1 No ball! Could be (5).
- 2 Dorely burdened? (5).
- 3 What, a spinner will do (6).
- 4 Marriage suggestion, maybe (8).
- 5 Records often burnt (4).
- 6 Very foolish (5).
- 7 Find the correct answer (5).
- 8 Land of the gadabout? (5).
- 9 Welcoming (8).
- 10 Do actors create one? (5).
- 11 Golfers standing (6).
- 12 Familiar girl (5).
- 13 Nook (5).
- 14 Front of the boat (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Motto, 4 Grotto, 6 Scoped, 10 Ernie, 12 Sudden, 14 Compere, 17 Lens, 19 Asprey, 20 Gall-ant, 22 Owl, 23 Clatter, 27 Talent, 29 Opera, 30 Yellow, 31 Filter, 32 Petal. Down: 1 M-as-i-e, 2 The-R-M-Y, 3 Obscure, 5 Rued, 6 Tanager, 7 Averse, 9 Durance, 11 Roll-a, 12 Dastard, 15 Omar, 16 (water) Pillus, 18 Near, 20 Gall-off, 21 Lashy, 24 Steep, 26 Zola, 28 Now-a, 29 Lease.

ROBERT PITMAN on new books

Is this why the Big Boss goes back to midnight toil?

THE NEW FACE IN THE SHOP WINDOW

FOR surprise effect the eye-catching cover of this new novel, **DANSE MACABRE**, by Frederic Mullally, will have few rivals on the bookshop shelves this week (Secker and Warburg, 15s.).

There is also something else surprising about the novel. Its author.

As a publicity man he has worked for David Whitfield. He has been the publicity drum for Johnnie Ray before Ray's first trip to Britain.

He was engaged to help Dominic Elwes and Tessa Kennedy with their public relations, and was said to have been paid by millionaire Paul Getty to keep Getty's name out of the papers.

Not the sort of background, you might think, for a solid, serious novelist. Yet this torrid tale (which among other settings takes in the new fashionable Mediterranean island Ibiza) is in fact a solid and serious piece of work. I recommend it.

FREDERIC MULLALLY



FROM the tycoon's brand-new office high up near Marble Arch I looked at the scene below. Huge stooping cranes scratched at some of the most expensive yards of earth in the world.

I had been swept upwards in lift which had great music seeping through its walls ("It goes on for ten minutes every half hour throughout the building," a young executive told me. "It makes the staff so contented").

I had been shown to the tycoon's reception room, where exotic plants crawled up crystal panels from out of a thick contemporary-style jungle.

Then I had met the tycoon himself. His room was panelled in sleek, costly wood. The furniture was strictly in the super-rich business class.

Life in a seedy tenement...

But I had not come to talk about novels with one of the most unexpected writers of our age. With the tycoon himself, Mr Norman Collins.

Let me explain why I chose this moment to visit him. Once Mr Collins wrote a novel called **LONDON BELONGS TO ME**. With a brisk, bustling, Dickens-like gusto it wove the story of all the people who lived at 10, Dufour Street, a seedy tenement building in South London.

The story began in 1938 and it took its lower-middle-class cast, with all their joys and troubles, through to the end of 1941.

Do you remember the stir among novel-readers when that story was published in 1947? Eagerly they read about the inhabitants of 10, Dufour Street. About poor, ageing Connie, for example, who works in the cloakroom at a West End night-club and lives in the second-floor back with her canary, Duke.

One night Connie's club is raided by police. One of her fellow-tenants gets a letter on Holloway Prison newspaper written in childlike hand. It says:—

"Dear Mrs Jossier, Owing to a slight misunderstanding, I shall be here for 14 days. Please ask Mrs Vizzard to on no account let the room. Tell her the rent will be attended to prompt on my return. Also please look after Duke. His water will need changing. The birdseed packet is in the top drawer with my hair-brush. Give him enough to cover a penny. Please tell Mrs Vizzard it's only for a fortnight or sooner if I can get solicitors. If it gets very cold please have Duke down with you. Again thanking you and hoping that you and Mr Jossier are both well. Yours truly, Connie."

London Belongs to Me (which also became a film) made at least £20,000 for Norman Collins. It sold 170,000 hard-back copies alone. And now, Norman Collins publishes a new novel, its title: **BOND STREET STORY** (Collins, 10s.). Its theme: the tangled lives and loves of the people who work in a big London store.

But why did he write it?

Other Norman Collins books have appeared since **LONDON BELONGS TO ME**. But none comes nearer its mood and manner than **Bond Street Story**. The sensitive writers—who can seldom manage to pull a few hundred readers through a single sensitive story—may ignore Collins, who picks half a dozen stories into every novel. But the hundreds of thousands who want gusto, who want a good read, will make this the novel of the year for the booksellers.

But I was not worried about whether people would read the new book. What puzzled me was why ever should Norman Collins bother to write it? Put yourself in his beautiful high-backed leather chair at the headquarters of Associated Television, where he is deputy chairman. Glance too at his splendid office. Glance too at his shareholding in the company. It was once £2,250. It is now worth £500,000. Imagine yourself, then, a busy television boss with half a million. Would you do as Collins does? Each evening, at 11 p.m., after the day's work is done, after dinner and family chat, he goes up to room at the top of his house in Hampstead Garden Suburb and works on his next novel until 1 a.m. The next morning he revises it before work begins.

Is this a man divided into two distinct people: author and tycoon? Or is there some direct connection between novelist Collins and Collins the commercial television man?

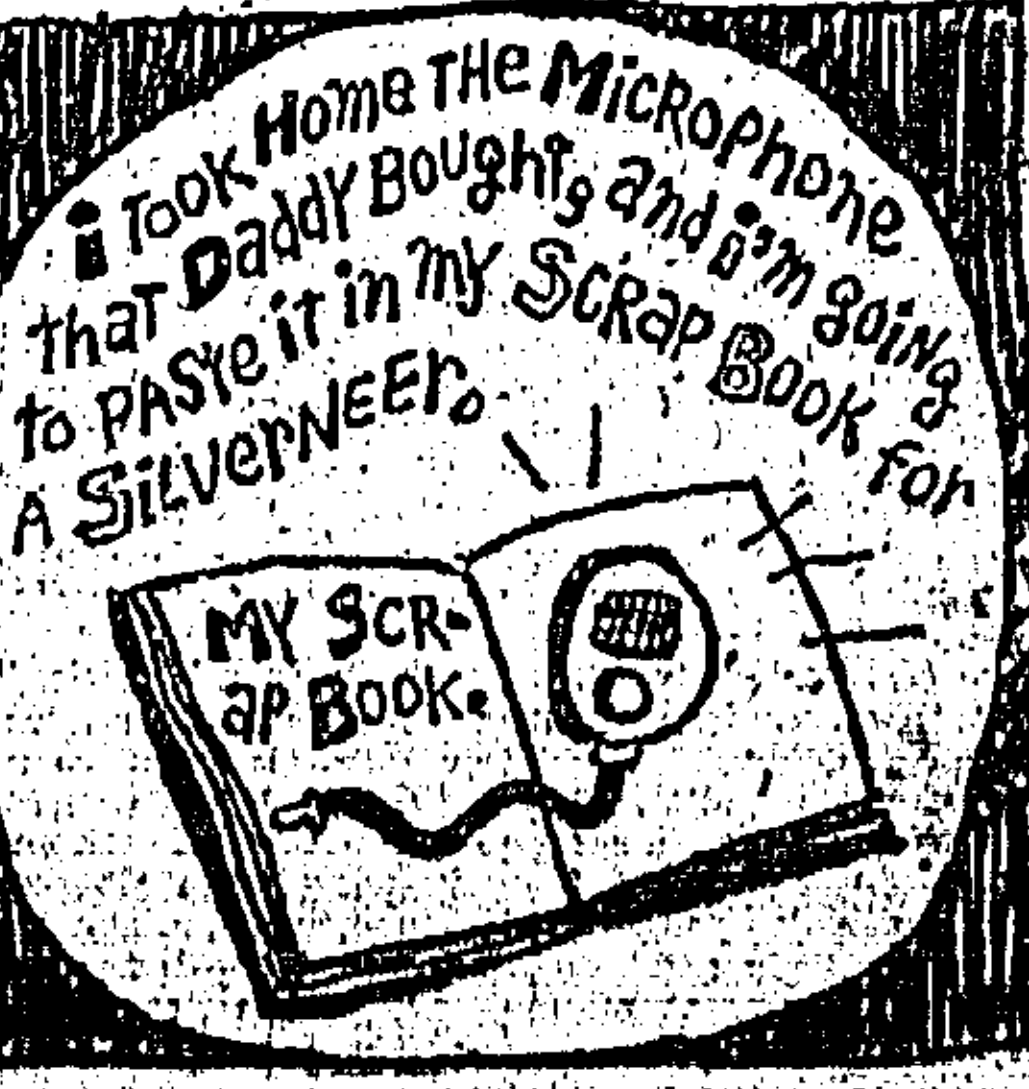
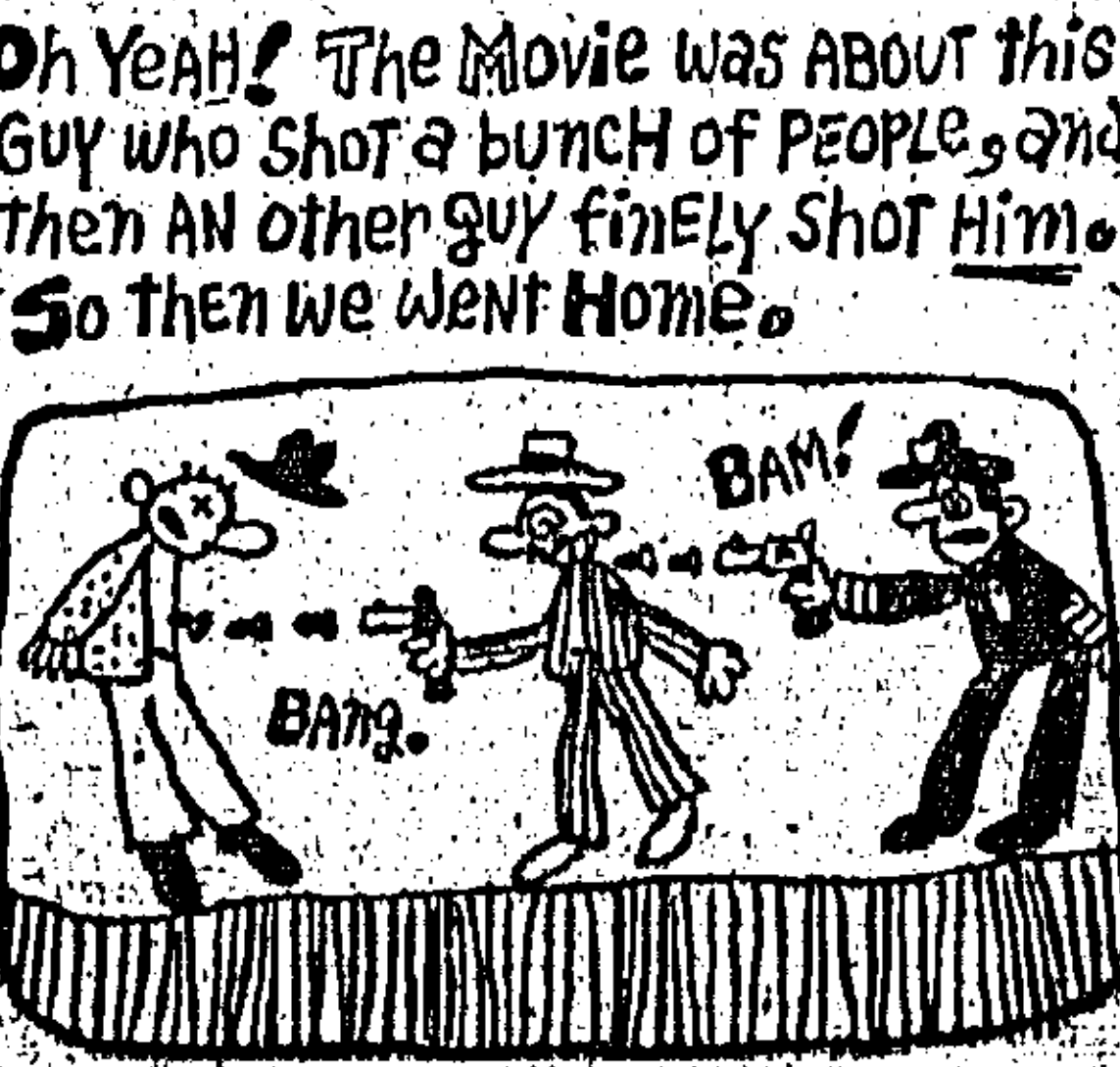
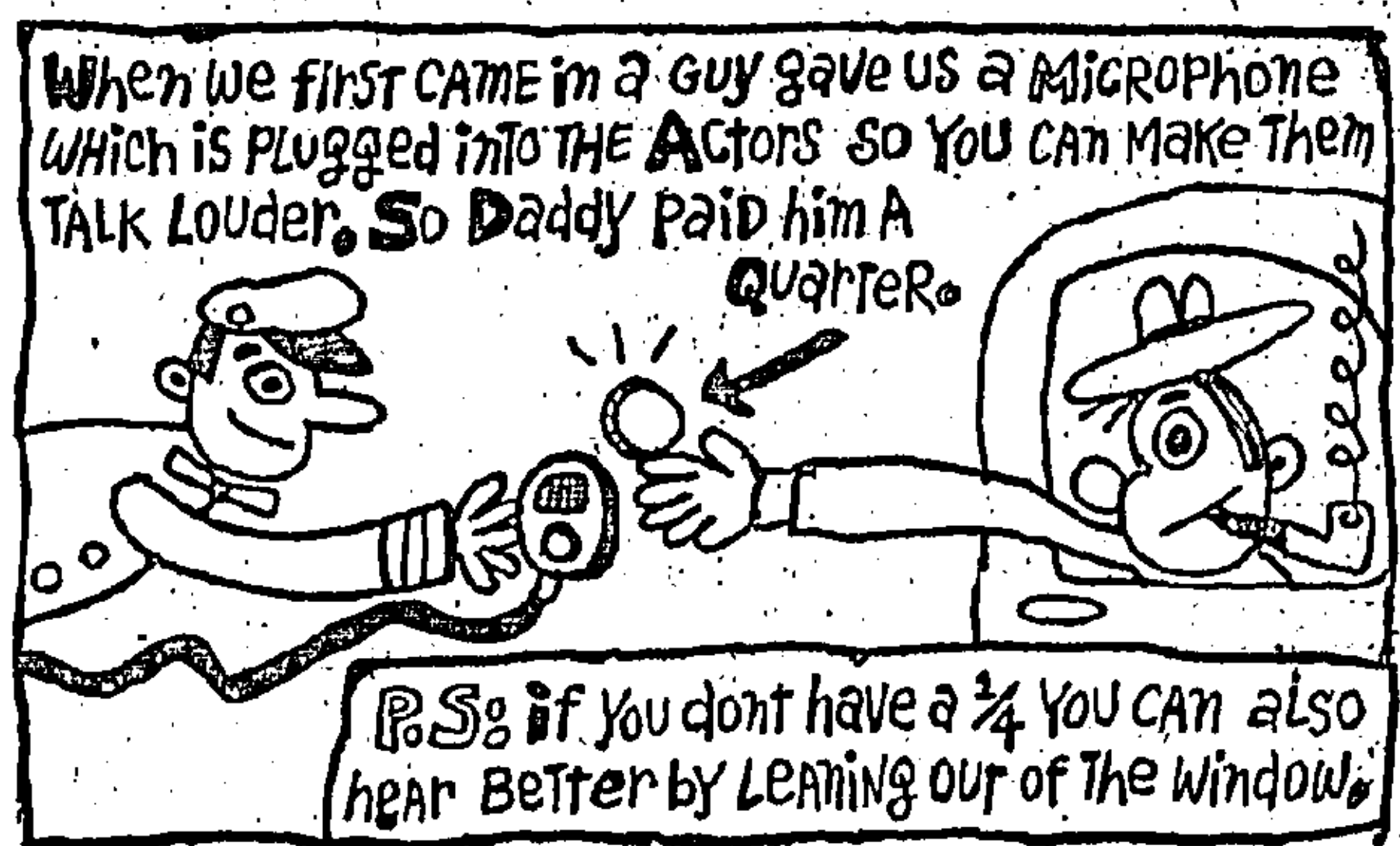
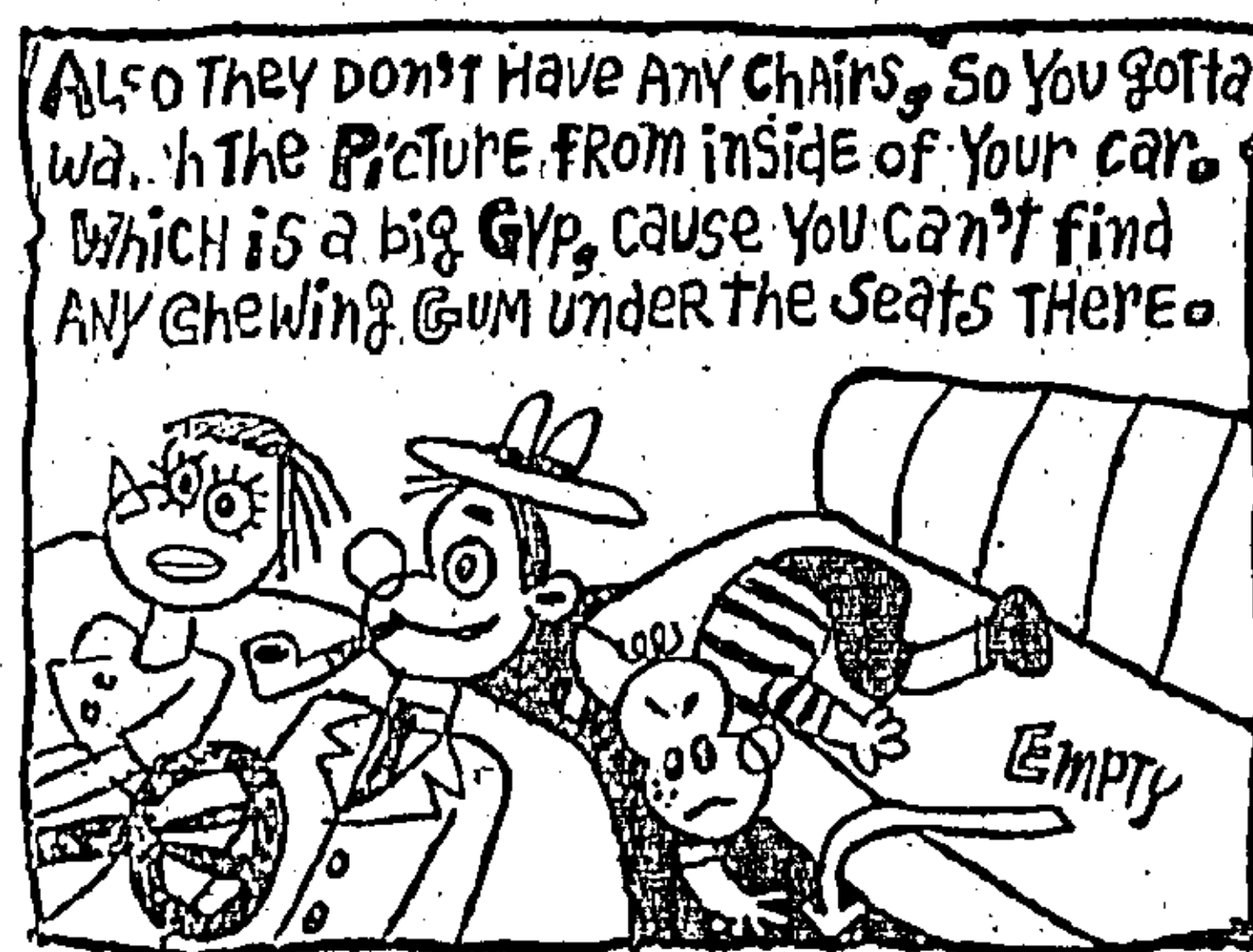
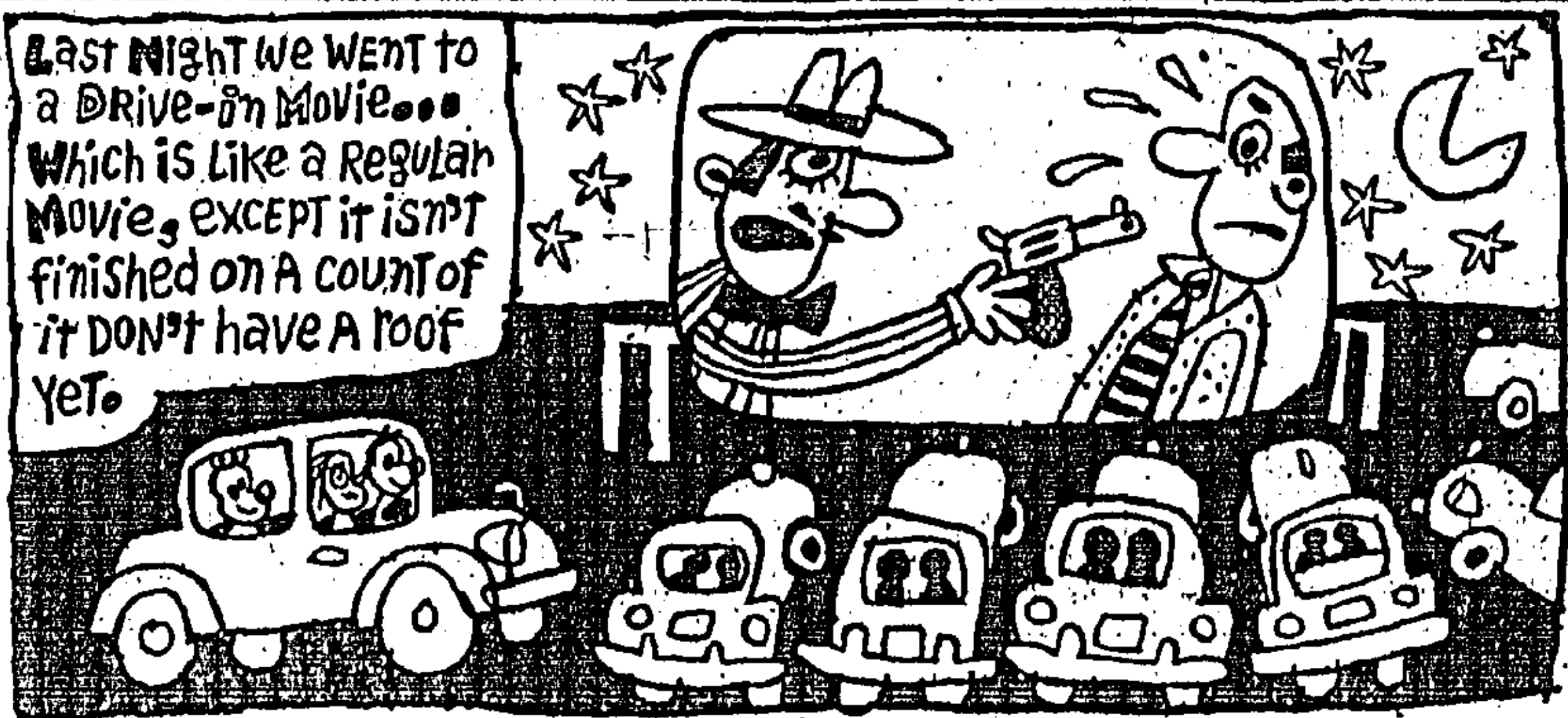
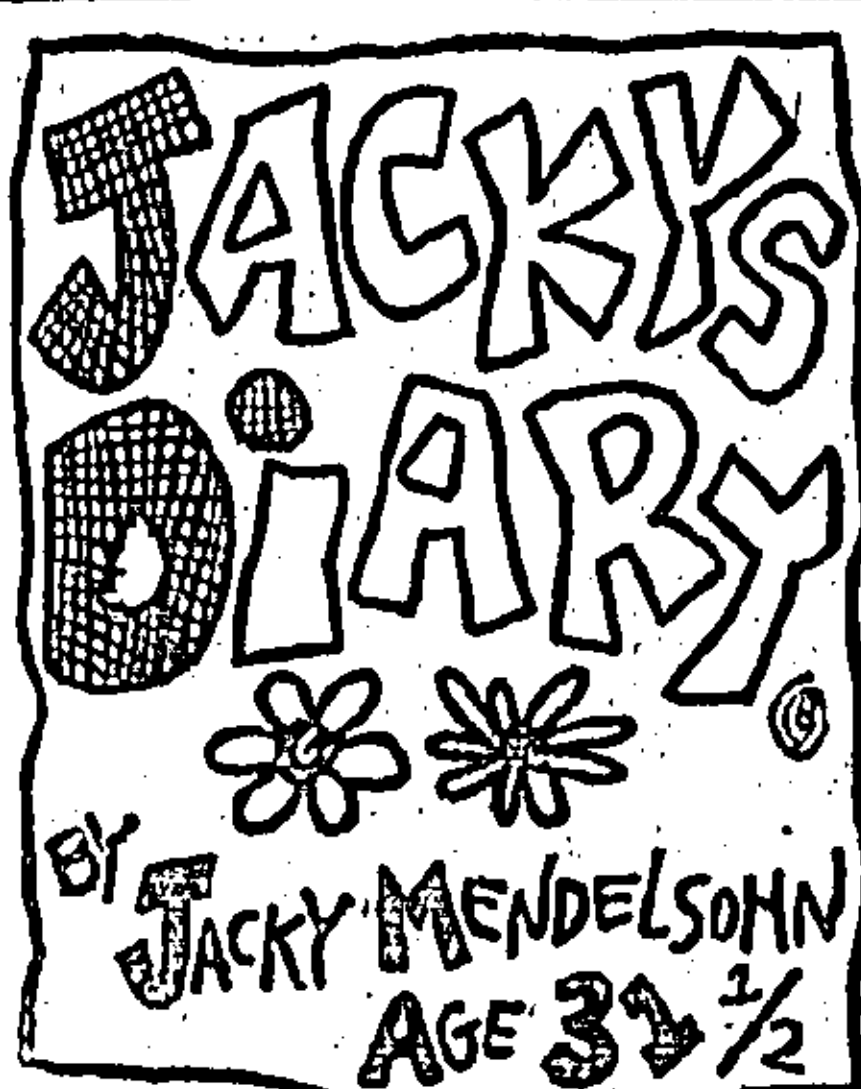
His first break as a writer

In his office Collins told me about his career. It was hot. He took off his jacket and strode about the room in red braces. He is 51, but it was the stride of a man years younger.

He said: "My father was an artist. Unsuccessful by commercial standards. But he was a fine man. A much nicer man than me." The telephone buzzed on the leather-covered desk. Mr Collins dealt with the call. "That was the Spanish Ambassador," he told me. Mr Collins began striding again. He told me about his first break as a writer and journalist.

He walked out in a rage

The buzzer went again. Someone was inquiring about the loan for a television discussion. Mr Collins snorted: "Oh, you can't use him. Put old Kingsley Martin on instead." Mr Collins went back to the Collins story. How he left Fleet Street for a big job with Victor Gollancz. How he left



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100

Sport Made Their Fortune

CRUSADING HENRY COTTON

MADE GOLF THE BIG BUSINESS IT IS TODAY

(This is the fifth instalment of China Mail's special sports feature.)

By JOHN MELVIN

London. Eaton Square, in London's fashionable Belgravia, boasts one of the finest collections of V.I.P.s in the world—princesses, ambassadors, peers, authors, stars of every mass medium.

But only one distinguished sportsman is a member of this exclusive club.

He is 52-year-old Thomas Henry Cotton, M.B.E., First Gentleman of Professional Golf, three times winner of the Open Championship, and a member of the Royal and Ancient, the PGA, the PGA of America, and the PGA of Australia.

At No. 74, surrounded by valuable paintings and antiques, Mr. Cotton lives in luxury with his wife, Sophia Maria, formerly De Witt, better known in the world of golf as "Toots."

LACKED NOTHING

The wealthy Cottons have lacked nothing in their 29 years of married life. For Henry Cotton is the man who made golf into big business, amassing a fortune for himself and paving the way for other players to do the same.

Remarkable though it may seem, less than 30 years ago the professional golfer was looked upon as an uneducated being, a kind of super-cannibal. Socially, he was despised and rejected.

Then into these "lowly" ranks stepped a revolutionary figure, an ex-public schoolboy (Alley's School, Dulwich), a man intended for a civil engineering career, but who thought he saw greater prospects for himself with a ball and a set of golf clubs.

Henry Cotton immediately set out to champion the cause of the British golf professional. For years he endured bitter criticism but, through great golfing triumphs, he smashed the snob-

barrier between amateurs and professionals, and opened the clubhouse doors to the paid players.

Cotton reached fame and fortune unaided. Entirely self-taught, he tussled his way up the golf ladder with a grim, single-minded devotion to the game. Even as a young boy, he placed a mattress against the wall of his father's London garage and smashed golf balls into it five hours a day.

As a young man, he was confident enough to declare: "Some day I will win the Open Championship. It is my dream to become as good as Bobby Jones."

Cotton excelled at both cricket and soccer at school. But, from the age of 11, golf gripped him like a fever. At 14, he had a single-figure handicap. At 17, he became an assistant professional. At 20, he was the most promising player in the country.

Year after year, he worked passionately on his game, studying the masters, grimly practicing every spare moment, and enduring the vicious attacks from a golfing public which accused him of being aloof, rude, even unsporting. They disliked his "poker face" approach to the game. They sneered at the way he hated to lose.

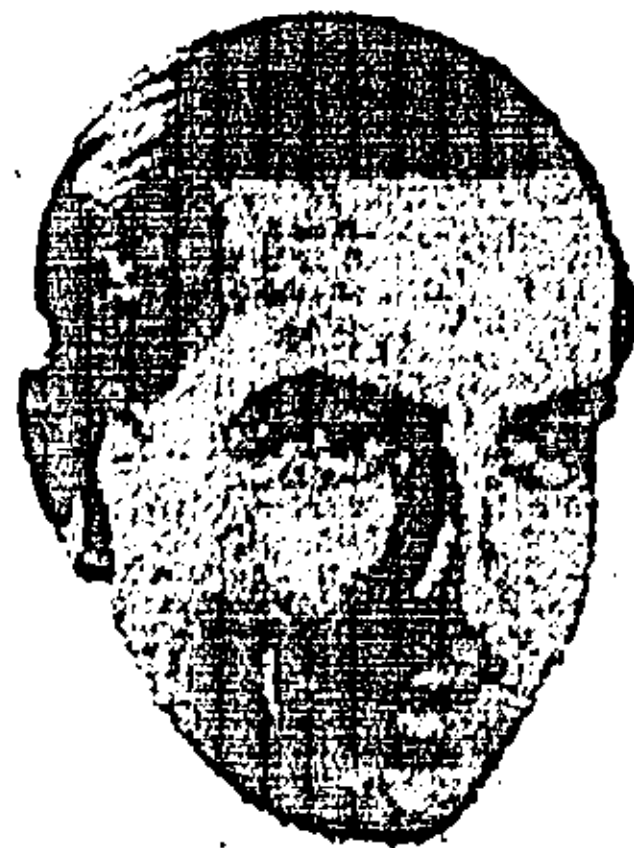
ALOOF

It was true that Cotton was aloof—aloof from anything which might upset his career.

Cotton realised early that all-the-year-round tournament golf was essential if American domination was to be broken. At the time, British professionals were tied to their home courses, out-of-season, and dependent on giving lessons to make a living.

Yet the more Cotton sought a better deal for professionals, the more he was attacked by the blimps of golf. Finally, in 1933, he quit the country—hounded from his native land by malicious and unwarranted criticism.

Paradoxically, Cotton's move turned out to be the best decision of his life. He landed a two-year contract as professional to



Henry Cotton

the Waterloo Club in Brussels and, in the first year of his employment, membership jumped by 150.

More important, he was left financially unfettered—his first chance to demonstrate his sharp business sense. And he made the most of it.

He introduced a best-selling golfer's shoe, designed to improve the player's footwork when swinging. And he increased his income by establishing a fully equipped bar in his shop at Waterloo. In fact, he was soon one of the few professionals in the world who could boast: "The players come and drink with me instead of in the clubhouse."

SMASHES MONOPOLY

Then came the British Open Championship of 1934 and, with it, the realisation of his life's ambition.

At the Royal St. George's course, Sandwich, Kent, Henry Cotton smashed the Americans' 11-year monopoly of the Open title: twice broke the course record; equalled the championship aggregate of 293; set up a record of 132 for the first 36 holes of the Open—and a record of 65 for one championship round.

Even the fabulous Bobby Jones had never had such a championship triumph. Cotton was flooded with offers to tour the United States and the Continent. The Americans dubbed him "the saviour of British golf," and so he was.

Cotton was now on top of the world. He stayed in first-class hotels, drove a massive red racing car, and moved almost solely in high society. Belgium hailed him as the national hero (for he was still the Waterloo Club's professional), and the King of the Belgians sought a match with him.

BUSINESS ACUMEN

But it was his business acumen as much as his golfing skill which enabled Cotton to make a fortune out of golf.

During the 1930's, he had already widened his interests so much that prize money and the retaining fee from his club became comparatively small items in his income.

He became a £2,000-a-year consultant to a golf equipment firm. He designed a set of clubs and a special left-handed glove which brought him large royalties.

Writing articles earned him upwards of another £2,000-a-year. And he demanded as much as 100 guineas for an exhibition round, at least four times that charged by other British professionals. In this way, he set himself on a road of living for paid golfers.

£10,000-A-YEAR

In 1939, he even put golf on the stage, filling the London Coliseum for a fortnight and then touring the provinces with stage demonstrations. From 60 performances he made more than £1,000.

With his prize money, his retaining fee, and the profits from his club shop, Cotton was

earning at least £10,000-a-year in the 1930's—double that of a Cabinet Minister.

Meanwhile, in 1930, the King of Golf was persuaded by Lord Rosebery to return to England and become professional to the Ashridge Golf Club.

A year later came the crown-prize of his career—the 1931 British Open at Carnoustie, in which he became the first British player to stave off and finally crush the full force of an American Ryder Cup team.

And within a few days he beat Denmore Shute, the match-play champion of America, in a match over 72 holes for the unofficial match-play championship of the world.

Cotton's future was now assured. He had established himself as a world-beater and, along with tennis champion Fred Perry, had brought a golden era to British sport.

Criticism of him waned in Britain, and he settled down to make his home at Ashridge in a new £10,000 house, which, with its furnishings from Brussels, Budapest and Vienna, its valet, cook, chauffeur, maid and gardener, was the last word in luxury. Cotton called it "Shangri-La."

AWARDED MBE

About this time, Mr. Cotton was able to declare: "If I never lifted a club again I should be provided for till the end of my days."

And yet still he went on playing—winning his third Belgian Open in 1938, and his third German Open in 1939. During the war, apart from serving as a Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F. V.R., he collected over £70,000 for the Red Cross and other war charities. He played golf matches which he played and organised. His work brought him an M.B.E.

By now, it seemed that the glittering career of Henry Cotton had reached its honourable end. In fact, the master, now 40, had only just passed the halfway mark.

He won the French Open in 1946 and 1947; he retained his title in the Ryder Cup matches of 1947 and 1953; he gained his third British Open triumph in 1948, when he achieved a course record of 66 at Muirfield.

When Cotton won his third British Open, friends said there was nothing left for him to achieve and that he should quit the game.

STILL PLAYING

But he couldn't stop playing. "I missed very much having a tournament edge to my game," he said, "and the challenge of fighting against a big field. So I came back."

Thus, at 52, Henry Cotton is still driving, chipping and putting in the best of company. He is no longer a full-time player, but he still has a handsome income from the game through his playing, writing, and connection with golf equipment firms.

Moreover, he is ploughing as much into the game as he has ever taken out. He is a director and founder of the Golf Foundation for the development of young players and, though he has made his own fortune, he still fights hard for the interests of professionals.

Only last year, he led a loud "We want more money" campaign by Britain's tournament players at the Professional Golfers' Association annual meeting, urging professionals never to accept less than £2,000 for a major tournament.

Such big-money talk would have shaken the golfing world to its foundations 30 years ago. But crusading Cotton has now made it possible to win a fortune by driving a small white ball around the rich green courses of Britain—London Express Service.



Former world squash champion, Hashim Khan of Pakistan, easily defeated three of Hongkong's top players in an exhibition match on Thursday at the Victoria Barracks Courts. Photo shows Khan (right) with Mike Perkins who went down 0-6, 9-2 and 9-1.

Reluctant Ron Springett Gets A First Honour

London. Ron Springett, the 22-year-old goalkeeper who 18 months ago thought his career came second to his marriage, was proved wrong the other day—by being selected for his first representative honour, keeping goal for the Football League in Belfast on September 23.

Early last year Springett, a part-time painter, refused to leave Queens Park Rangers and London for First Division football with Sheffield Wednesday.

His reason: "I'm getting married; my fiancée and I have a mortgage on a flat at Barnes, and that's more important even than going to a big club."

Sheffield Wednesday boss Eric Taylor took a chance, told Ron he could stay at his new house until the summer, and then sent Sunderland by five minutes to his signature.

Springett is still living at Barnes and trains at his old club.

A MODEL

Said Mr. Taylor: "This is wonderful news. Ron has been such a model player that nobody has ever again raised the question of his coming to live in Sheffield."

Springett is one of four men completely new to representative honours. The others are Ray Wilson, John Connolly and George Eastham.

Young Eastham is the fair-haired Newcastle ball-wizard who brings back strong memories of his father, of Bolton and Brentford fame.

George Junior is the complete double of the man he says "was the most wonderful dribbler I've ever seen." Tyneside folk think the present Eastham will challenge Jimmy Greaves and Johnny Haynes for the role of England schemer.

THE CHOICE

By the choice of the young Connolly and Dobing, it seems obvious that the Chelsea pair, Drabrook and Greaves, will go in against Hungary on Sept. 23.

Anyway, the two games on the same night at Belfast and Everton, should help to decide the choice of the first full England team of the season, which will be made in London on October 12.

Brian Clough heard the news at the home of Middlesbrough full-back Ray Barnard, where he and his attractive wife, Barbara, were guests for tea.

"This is quite a surprise," said Brian. "This certainly gives me another chance to achieve my main ambition—to play for England."

"My team mates at Middlesbrough, as always, have given me wonderful support. I would like to remind some of my critics that I did suffer a serious injury last season and played only one game after Christmas."

It takes time to regain one's touch, to recapture one's mental approach to the game as given me as the physical.

I can think of many far younger players who have been in the shadows for months after an injury such as mine.

Still, I believe that I should be touching form again soon, but please don't quote me on saying "peak" form.

BRIEF STAY

For I passed recently that I had read my zenith. The writer was correct. I passed that eight years ago.

A player's stay at the summit is usually brief. But once the full begins, his star doesn't usually burn out overnight. If experienced, he can play on at the same level of performance for many years to come.

I suppose Stanley Matthews is the perfect example of this. He reached his own personal

I'm Not Finished Yet, I'll Know When To Quit

Says TOM FINNEY

London. I was sitting on a bus in Preston the other day when two men in front of me started talking about football . . . and Tom Finney.

Said one: "It looks as if Tom's had it at last."

Said the other: "Yes, I reckon he's getting a bit past it now."

I chuckled about it at the time, but later I began to wonder. How many others were saying the same thing? Were they right?

I remembered that some of the critics had prophesied after our night match at West Ham that this would be my last season in top-class football.

TIME TO QUIT

And I remembered too odd phrases like "sandy out of touch" and "only a shadow of his former self."

Let me say straightaway that I have no present intention of retiring this season, next season or any other season. I shall continue playing until the day comes when I no longer enjoy the game . . . when I find training a grind rather than a pleasure.

That will be the time to quit, for then I won't be doing justice to the fans, my teammates or myself.

But I don't expect that day to arrive just yet awhile.

I would be the first to admit, however, that I haven't been playing well this season. And when this happens, I expect criticism.

LONG OVERDUE

For I haven't forgotten that during the past 12 years I have been lucky . . . and some of the knocks are long overdue. But I would like to remind some of my critics that I did suffer a serious injury last season and played only one game after Christmas.

It takes time to regain one's touch, to recapture one's mental approach to the game as given me as the physical.

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I suppose Stanley Matthews is the perfect example of this. He reached his own personal

peak in the years after the war, but once that was past he remained a great player.

He mastered the great art of reserving his energies for the vital moments.

Remember how he waited in the Bolton-Blackpool Cup Final of 1953, content to stay in the background, until the exciting last 20 minutes when he turned in perhaps the finest match-winning performance of our time?

MORE VALUABLE

It could be argued that when such a player is past his peak, he can prove even more valuable to his side.

For when a star shines brightest, he is apt to be almost marked out of the game, whereas in after years opponents can sometimes be lulled into a false sense of security.

And there is nothing more difficult than smothering someone like Stan when you can never be quite sure when he'll strike.

I, too, slowed the tempo of my game long ago and now that I have been switched to the right wing at Preston, I have a chance to extend my soccer life.

Don't think for a minute that I am planning to become a second Stanley Matthews. There is only one Stan . . . and there'll probably never be another.

MAJOR AMBITION

I have no wish to emulate him or, for that matter, to play on until I'm 45.

But the switch could at least give me the opportunity to prove my critics wrong. I should like to do that, for I have at least one major ambition to fulfil.

Maybe someone who has been fortunate enough to have toured the world playing for England for so long and gained 70 caps should be content to rest easy.

I doubt, however, whether I'll ever be fully satisfied unless I lead Preston once more to Wembley and bring the Cup home to Deepdale.

Who knows? Maybe my career won't stretch that far. Perhaps my critics will be proved right in the end.

But somehow deep down I've a hunch that says they won't.

And that there will be a lot of big days to remember and battles to be fought before that last game is played.

Eindhoven Name The Price For Ford

By GERALD WILLIAMS

London. Trevor Ford's Dutch bosses, PSV Eindhoven, have told English Second Division club Scunthorpe how much it will cost to buy him. The other night, on the phone from Eindhoven, Mr. Ben van Gelder, the PSV secretary, told me: "Scunthorpe are really interested. I think there is a possibility we can do business."

Scunthorpe manager Frank Sop and some of his directors watched Ford's excellent Welsh international centre forward, score a goal for PSV in Rotterdam last Sunday evening. Homeless Ford certainly won't "move" to a move to Scunthorpe. But the Football League may cancel any chances of a deal by refusing to lift their ban on him.

DUTCH VIEW

They are not due to re-consider it until next May. The Dutch club claim the League will be kind to 34-year-old Ford and let him play in England again if Scunthorpe want him.

Mr. van Gelder said: "I think they will lift the suspension. There are a lot of reasons why they could do so."

"He has been a fine ambassador for your country. He is a great favourite here in Holland."

PSV say the reason they will not make it difficult for Ford to return home is that he has been the perfect employee since he joined them in March, 1957.

Amsterdam have agreed to play a match under the Dutch club's floodlights that night, as a climax to South Holland's liberation anniversary festivities. —Daily Mail.

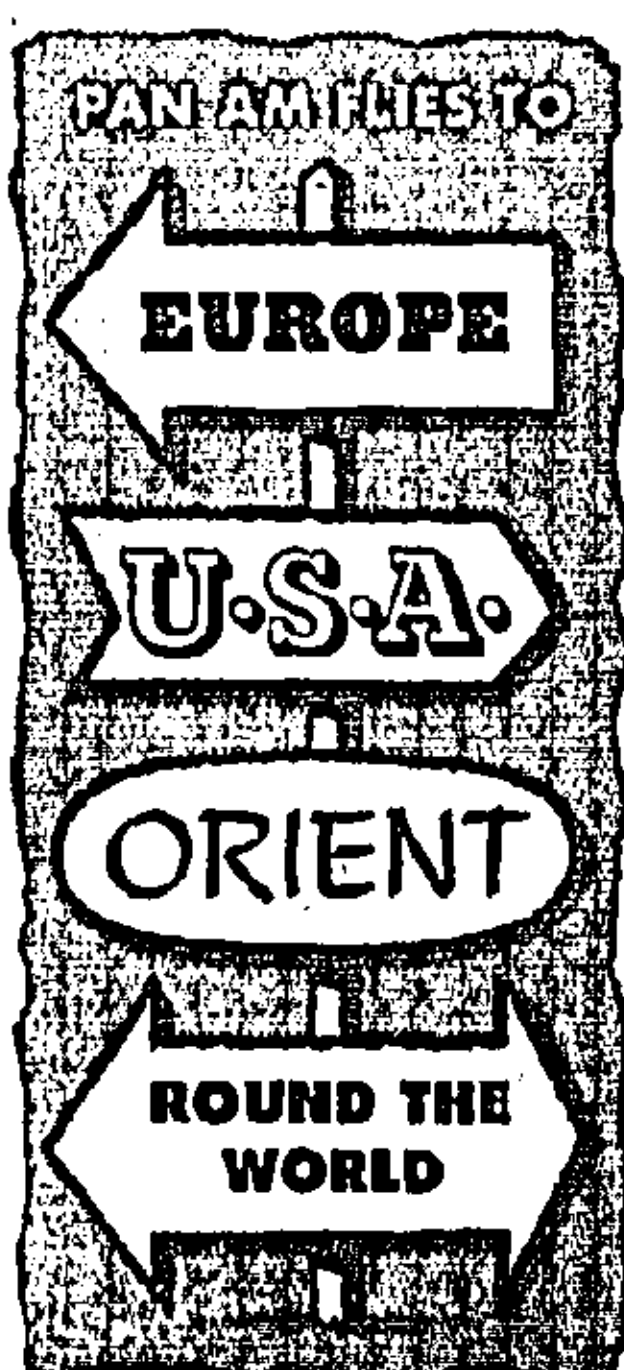
NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 1st Race Meeting 1959/60 to be held on Saturday, 3rd October, 1959, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on 22nd September, 1959.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



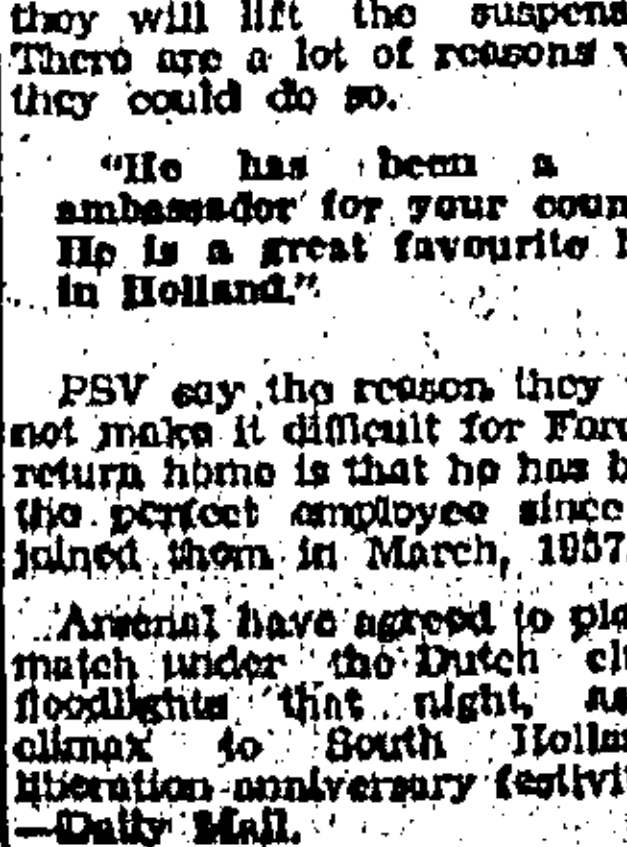
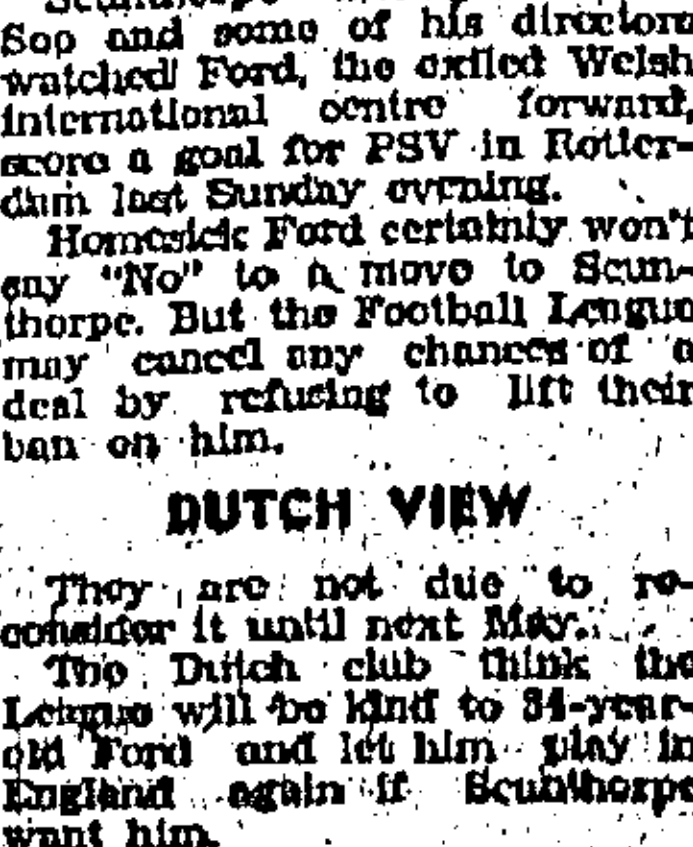
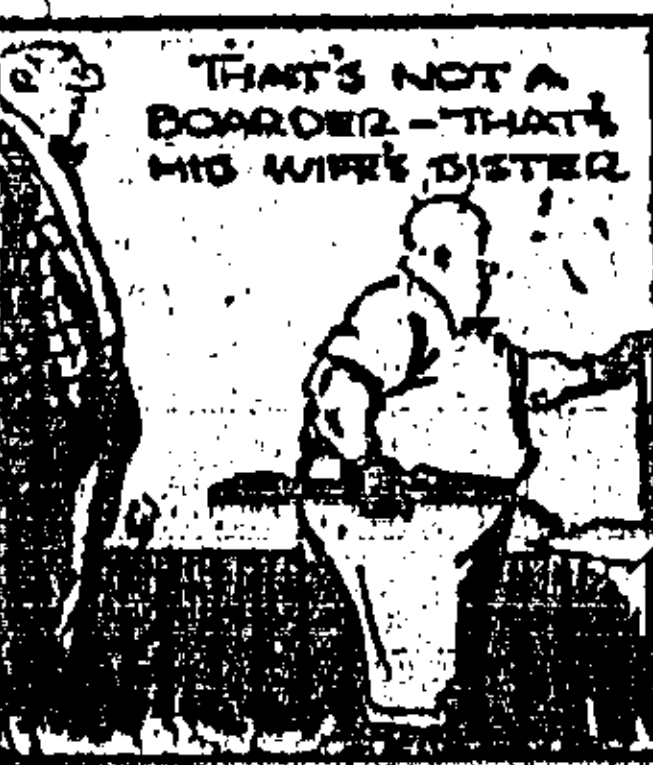
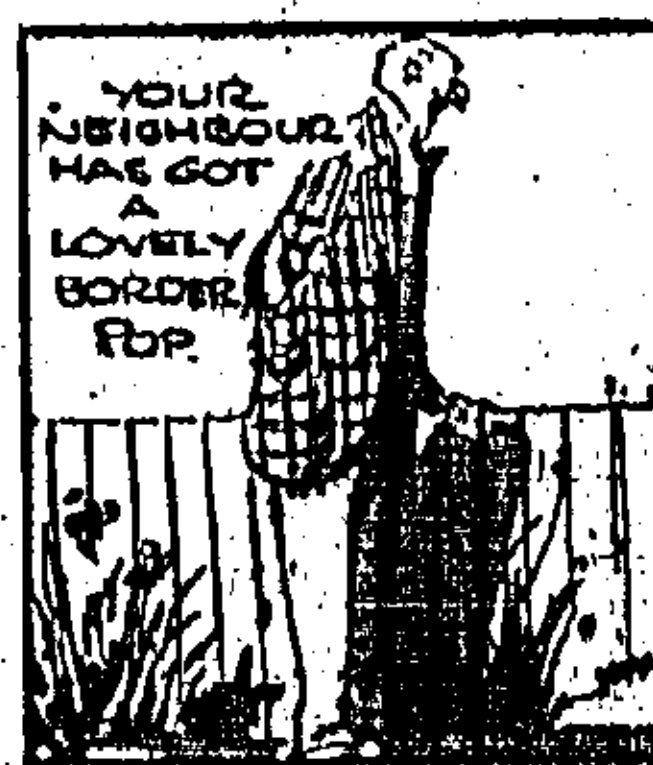
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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

It Looks Like Being A Cheerless Start To The New Soccer Season

RUMBLE... MUMBLE... JUMBLE!!! Instead of the traditional three hearty cheers those are the salutes being accorded to dear old King Soccer as he takes his place in sporting prominence for another season.

Let me predict here and now that there are some mighty interesting weeks ahead and I don't mean just on the field of play.

Down the highways, byways, and in the blackest back alleys of Hong Kong's soccer world there are ominous rumbles and grumbles which may yet provide the vital clue that will lead to the unwinding of the present jumble of football affairs. Bitterness, born in the stark realization that no holds barred is now the order of the day, has given some of our football folks a new driving determination to beat the drum in their own interests. The outcome might be more than just a little surprising.

During the past few days a well-known local personality has been engaging himself with the sports pages of vernacular newspapers. I understand that he is having approved translations prepared of a number of articles dealing with the inter-tem movements of some of Hong Kong's top soccer names.

Club Loyalties

He apparently feels that this time he's on the right path and, if he can encourage the HKFA to show the same jealousy of reputation as it has done in other matters, he might yet render the game a very valuable service.

The switching of club loyalties has reached strangely high proportions this year and the man in the street may well be pardoned if he is wondering why established big name stars should find it advantageous or necessary to leave a big successful club for a place in the ranks of another team whose football fortunes in the incoming season must be very uncertain indeed.

If the players were professionals, such a move would be easy to understand for they would almost certainly be making their shift because it was financially advantageous to do so... but for amateurs to do the same thing is a very different matter.

It is quite impossible, of course, to report many of the stories which are at present going the rounds. Everyone of them probably has the touch of truth or the vital crumb of credulity but one always hears them from a man whose brother's amah's sister's boyfriend knows for a fact that a certain happening actually took place because someone at the end of another and similar unreliable chain of communications had got the information from a reliable source.

Unfortunately this sort of thing is hardly fuel for the fuel finding fire but, on the other hand, it is also true that generally where there's smoke there's

By I. M. MACTAVISH

fire and it could be that the probing poker of the individual whom I have mentioned above will see it burst into the sort of flame that will throw some real light on the subject.

Current Stories

Nevertheless, quite apart from the actions of any individual, be he an official of the HKFA or not, there is surely a direct challenge to the Association in many of the current stories which are in circulation and as the rumour-mongers usually prefix their stories with the remark "... according to the Chinese press..." there would seem to be an avenue of exploration that might be worth following. It may, of course, produce very little but the mere fact that it has been checked could do nothing but good.

Congratulations to Irene Souza on winning the Colony Ladies Lawn Bowls Singles Championship.

Hong Kong's new First Lady of the Greens is indeed a worthy champion. With a fine appreciation of the spirit of the game and a highly developed repertoire of its skills she has made a most important contribution to the family Cup Collecting Campaign. Husband George has already skipped his rink to the Colony title and tomorrow he will fight it out with M. B. Hassan for the Singles crown. In his present form he must be regarded as 'in with a real chance' even against such an accomplished sportsman as Hassan but, if he manages to pull it off, there will be high-fives in the Souza household tomorrow night.

THREE ROUSING RAHs for those members of the Council of the HKFA who have made so very clear their dissatisfaction with the affairs of the recent Hong Kong visit to Malaya.

By exactly the same token a resounding brickbat to those Councillors who decided it was

better to wait for the statement of accounts on the tour before carrying the discussion to its logical conclusion. Just how money can have the slightest influence on the rights or wrongs of what happened in Malaya is very difficult indeed to see. Could it be that the two extra games will be claimed if it is found that the tour resulted in a favourable financial report but that they will be deleted if the statement happens to have a sanguinary countenance.

But financial affairs and allegations of mismanagement are no more than corollaries to the main issue which is surely the miserable — and controversial — efforts of the players we sent out to an international competition to do battle in Colony colours.

Malaya Games

The agency reports of rough and dirty play in some of the earlier games and the allegations of "fixing" in the final match against Malaya are being waved aside as unreliable, unworthy and unfounded. While it is true there must be a shade of the writer's opinion in what he reports, it is stretching things a bit far to believe that neutral reporters invented this unsavoury version of what they saw. I understand that the officials fortuitously brought back from Malaya a couple of English language reports, but I've heard that it would have been much more interesting if they had brought back a tape recording of some of the on-the-spot comments made by the Indian party or produced translations of some of their reports.

These things apart, the truth is that everyone in Far East football now knows what we have known only too well but which we have managed to disguise from prying eyes. That we are on the skids and we are travelling downhill at an alarming rate.

Colony football standards of play and conduct have nosedived in the past three or four years and under weak leadership nothing has been done to halt the decline.

The truth of the matter is that far too many people... players and club officials alike... have concerned

ONE THAT TOTTENHAM DIDN'T GET



Defiant Dwyer, of West Ham, flings himself at the feet of the Spurs' leader Bobby Smith in a recent match. The Spurs won 2-1.—Express Photo.

themselves far too much with what they can get out of the game rather than what they can put into it. For a few golden years in the post-war era a thin superficial layer of real first class talent gave the Colony a reputation which, under that top layer, was never justified.

Big name veterans who would pull in the crowds have always been much more important than bringing on promising youngsters under a progressive club or even association coaching system. Tom Sneddon was frustrated at every turn and, of course, the constant divided loyalties for talent between Hong Kong and Taiwan has had a most disturbing effect on the local game. If the Colony is to survive as a first class soccer power in this part of the world then a common sense arrangement must be arrived at on this question of representation.

Low Ebb

By all means let a player with dual qualifications be free to decide which international colours he wants to wear. That is a fundamental of individual freedom and liberty. No one wants to see it removed or even restricted but once a player has made his decision it should be binding for all representative games in which Hong Kong is involved.

In other words — if a player freely and wisely decides he wants to represent a community other than this Colony, then he should not be considered for selection for games against visiting teams which come to play here. At the moment Hong Kong might suffer a bit but that is a purely temporary situation and in the long run it would contribute to an overall improvement in Hong Kong's domestic and international presentation... and after all

that is surely the ONLY consideration which can be allowed to influence the deliberations of our parent association.

Colony football is currently at a very low ebb. It will require courage and determination... and a lot of plain speaking, to put it back on its feet. The new council has already shown a lively spark that has been absent in recent years and it will be interesting to see if the present members are willing to tackle the problem with the impersonal resourcefulness which is now necessary if our ailing game is not to become a chronic helplessness invalid.

Finally... this week... let us say a very special welcome to a new softball season. The swish and swoosh boys and girls will launch their new campaign at King's Park this afternoon and if the weather is

kinder than it was last Sunday the opening ceremony should be a colourful one.

Hit 'em over the fence, boys.

"Fale-wagger" incidentally... the current catch phrase in Colony football says, rather cryptically... horses and carriages have never been so expensive...

Moss For U.S. Grand Prix

Los Angeles, Sept. 18. Stirling Moss of England, rated the world's greatest sports car driver, yesterday signed to compete in the U.S. Grand Prix at Riverside Raceway.

Moss who made a flying visit to Los Angeles today, said he would drive a 4.2 Aston-Martin in the Oct. 10 and 11 event. The Englishman has won his last three European races and is in the thick of the battle for the driving championship of the world.—UPI.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- 10.4 secs.
- 1946 — they shared the title with Middlessex in 1949.
- 1957.
- Andrew and Dexter.
- Avery Brundage.
- (a) Australian, (b) Swedish, (c) Jamaican, (d) Polish.
- Shot-putting.
- Ingemar Johansson.
- James J. Corbett.
- Lindsay Hassett.

Mother's Note Did The Trick For Edwin

By ROY PESKETT

London.

If Mrs Holliday, of Royston, near Barnsley, had not seen an advertisement in the Daily Mail, her 19-year-old son, Edwin, might never have been chosen for England's Under-23 team to meet Hungary at Goodison Park, Everton, next Wednesday.

Four years ago, when Edwin was leaving school, and Mum didn't quite know what to do with him, she read that Middlesbrough manager Bob Denison was holding a trial for young players.

Denison told me: "I got a letter from Mrs Holliday. I wondered, at first, why she didn't apply to Barnsley. Then I thought if she has taken this trouble, I'll have a look at the lad."

HIS BUSINESS

"It took only a few minutes to size him up. Before the end of the trial I had offered him a place on the ground staff."

The tall, lithe left-winger made his debut for Middlesbrough at West Ham in December 1957, and is a member of a line which has scored 23 goals this season.

Holliday should know his business, for he is a nephew of Colin Grainger, Sunderland and England outside left.

George Cohen, the 19-year-old Fulham right back, is the other newcomer in the Young England team. Of him, club skipper Johnny Haynes, who first hit stardom in the Under-23's, says:

"He is dedicated to winning an England cap. He takes his football very seriously, trains very hard, and is a fine youngster to have on your side."

Macedo (Fulham); Cohen (Fulham); Allen (Stoke); Sellers (W. Brom.) (capt.); Scott (Cheltenham); McGuinness (Manchester U.); Brabrook (Chelsea); Greaves (Chelsea); Poinier (Barnsley); Charlton (Manchester U.); Holliday (Middlesbrough); Reserves: Knapp (Lancaster); Mella (Liverpool).—Daily Mail.

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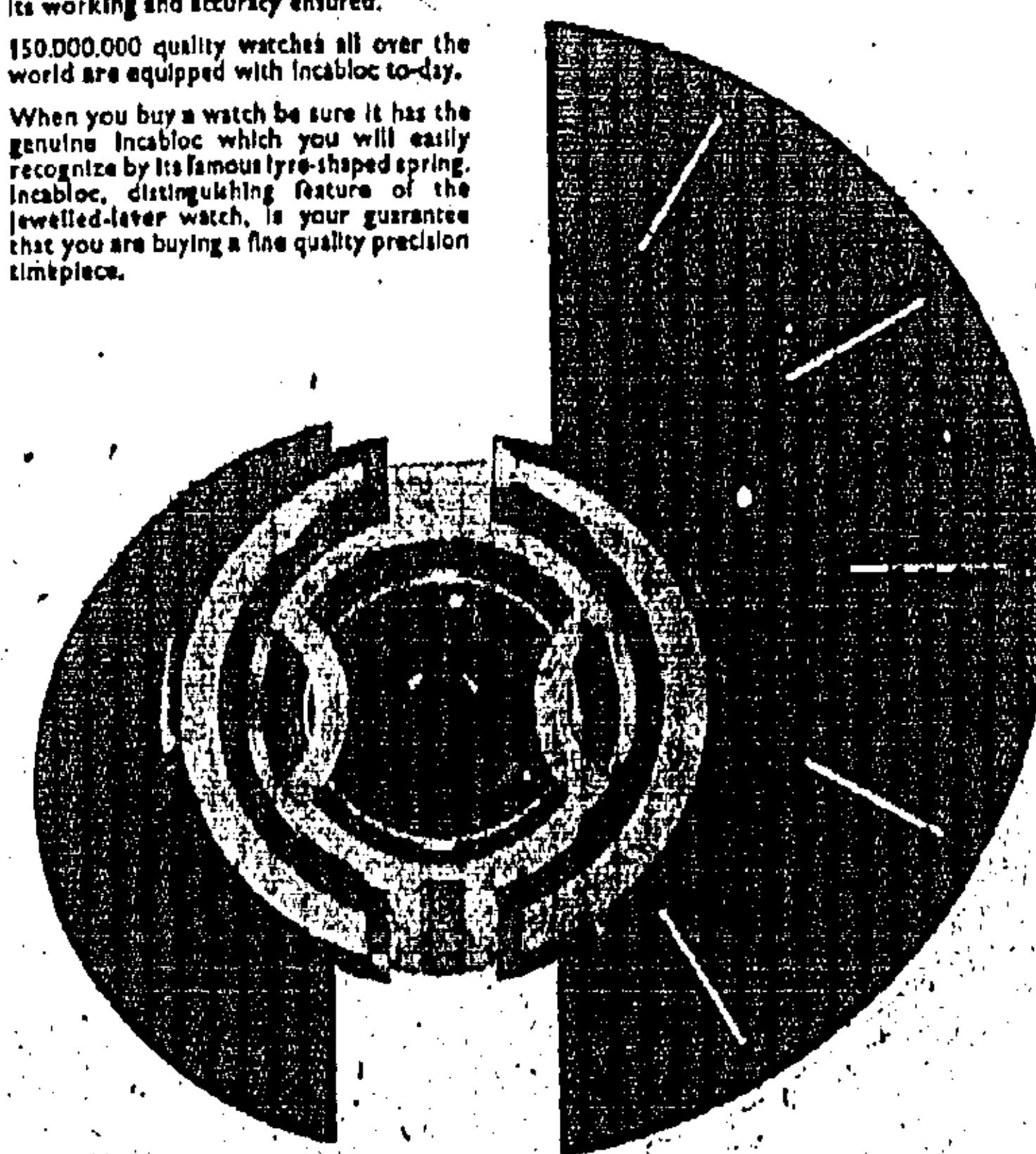
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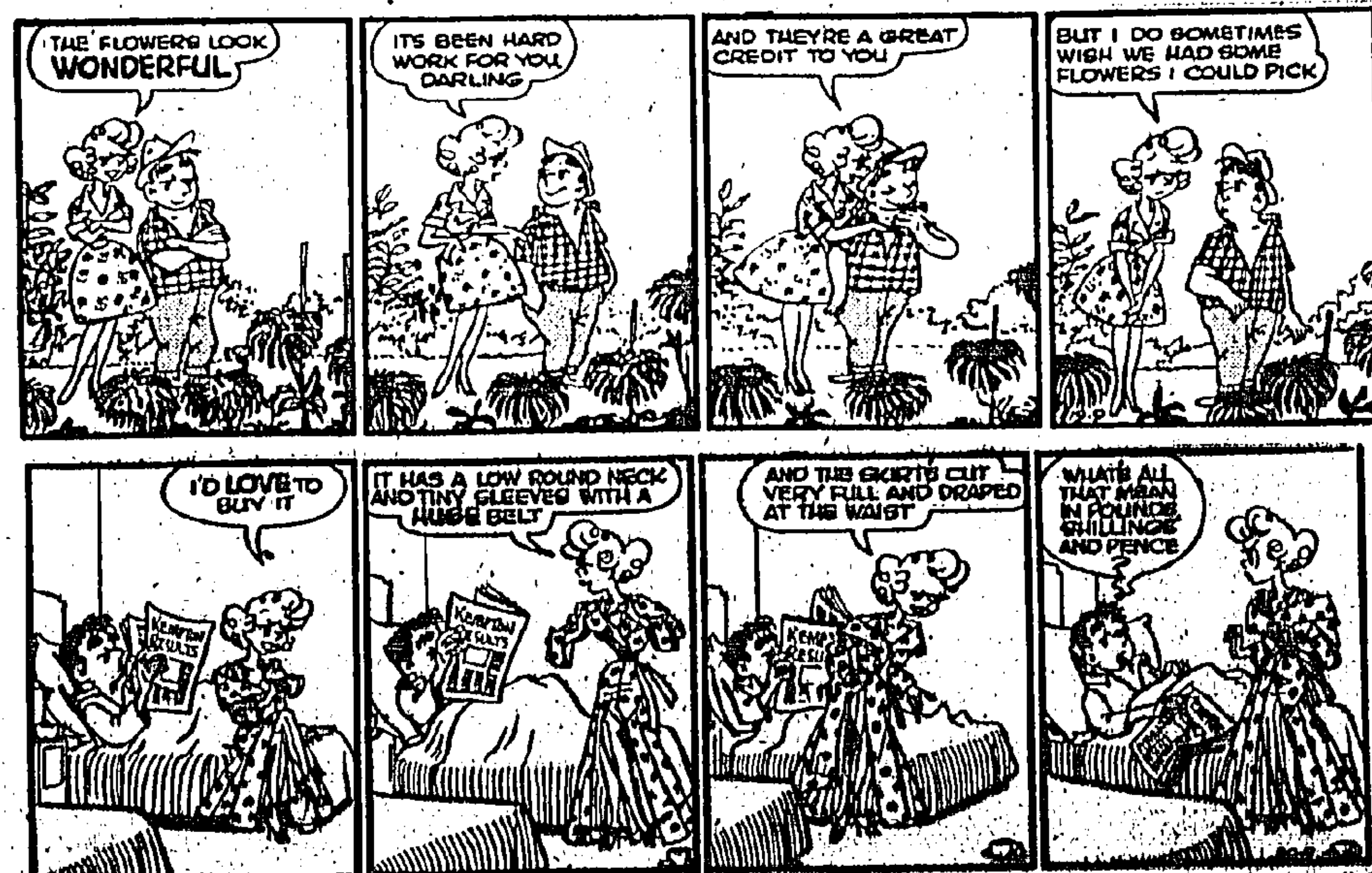
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THE GAMBOLS By Barry Appleby



AIR-INDIA



GAS IS TOPS



Allowed To Regain U.S. Nationality

150 Dead
In Surat
Floods

*TOURIST WHO
WENT TO USSR*

Washington, Sept. 18.
THE State Department announced today it would let Nikolas Petrulli regain his American citizenship after Petrulli decided on

Mr K Has A

Proverb

For The

Moment

New York, Sept. 18

Bombay, Sept. 18.

The bodies of 150 people drowned have so far been recovered from the worst-affected area.

Floods smothering Surat, a city about 150 miles from Bombay. Interest reporters said this evening.

The Tapi River yesterday flooded the city, transforming it into "a vast lake." Transport and writers were gradually receding. Helicopters and rescue operations were in full swing and it was thought more casualties might be found before the final count of victims was taken.—ATP.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is — YES.

Washington, Sept. 18.

THE State Department announced today it would let Nikolas Petrulli regain his American nationality again — after Petrulli decided on September 3 to give up being an American to become a Soviet citizen.

Petrulli who had come to the Soviet Union as a tourist having his mind shortly after expressed his desire of changing nationalities.

Official circles said the State Department permitted his return to America after Petrulli's medical past had become known to official persons. Petrulli was in the air force during World War II.

Government officials refused to give any details about Petrulli's medical past. They merely said that after serving in the air force, Petrulli was discharged for reasons of health. Officials refused to divulge these reasons on the grounds that it was a private matter.

It was believed, however, that the Government's view is that Petrulli was not in a condition to appreciate the consequences of acquiring citizenship. Petrulli himself said that he was discharged as a result of nervous depression. — AFP.

Mr K Has A Proverb For The Moment

New York, Sept. 18.

Mr Nikita Khrushchev seems to have brought a big suitcase full of provanbs.

Here are some he has already told Americans since coming to the United States on Tuesday:

"Russians say every good job should be started in the morning."

"Each duck praises his own marsh."

"He who comes late must be content with a picked bone."

"He who wants to have eggs must put up with the cockle."

"The hunchback is straightened out only in the grave."

MAKES ONE UP

When he turns out of



"Expecting a call?"

NBC Correspondent Deported From South Africa

Johannesburg, Sept. 18.
Henry Barzilai, 38-year-old London-born television correspondent left here by air for Nice on his way to London today under a deportation order.

Before leaving Jan Smuts airport he said the South African Government was using him for a "whipping boy" as an example to other foreign correspondents they wished to intimidate. Mr Barzillay was given 10 days in which to leave South Africa where he has lived for 12 years. He said he hoped, one day to return to "this wonderful country."

Common Market In Asia

Singapore, Sept. 18. A British business executive said here today that the countries of the Farther East and the Farther Asia would eventually form a common market for their mutual benefit.

Mr. R. A. C. Copley, retiring chairman of Harrison's Crossfield (Singapore) Limited, who is leaving on transfer to Africa after 13 years in Singapore and Malaya, said "I believe that this will come into being one day though it may take some time." He said it was the trend of development all over the world for neighbouring countries to join forces economically.—UPI.

Only Tied

Tokyo, Sept. 18.

Mrs Pat Beson, director of public relations for Newsweek magazine, here wondered why she wasn't receiving any telephone calls.

She remembered telling her new Japanese secretary to tell callers she was "tied up" for a while and would they please call later. She questioned the secretary, who said she had given the message correctly.

"I told everyone 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Beson is tight,'" the girl said.—UPI.

Stripped

London, Sept. 18.
Strip-tease artist Thelma Smith, 18, is exotic even when executing a crime.
Thelma, who is billed as Silma Ahmet the Turkish delight, was gaoled for three months yesterday for holding up a friend's rich uncle, using a long, bamboo cigarette holder as a make-believe gun.—UPI.

In A Pickle

Perry, Fla., Sept. 18.
State Road Department employees were in a pickle today—ankle deep.
A truck dropped 80 cases of pickles on a highway near here yesterday, snarling traffic until State troopers could re-route motorists. Road Department workers are cleaning up the mess.—UPI.

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NOTICE

THE HONGKONG ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Members of the Company will be held at the Company's Registered Office, P. & O. Building, 4th Floor, Hong Kong, at 11.00 o'clock in the forenoon of the 21st day of September 1959 for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing the following Resolutions as Ordinary Resolutions:—

1. "That it is desirable to capitalise a sum of \$10,000,000 being part of the General Reserve Account and that accordingly a special capital bonus of \$10,000,000 free of income tax be declared and that such bonus be applied on behalf of the persons who on the 21st day of September 1959 are holders of the 6,000,000 fully paid-up issued shares of the Company in payment in full for 1,000,000 new shares of the Company of \$10 each, and that such 1,000,000 new shares credited as fully paid be accordingly allotted to such persons respectively in the proportion of one such new share for every complete six of the said issued shares then held by such person respectively, and that the shares so allotted shall be treated for all purposes as an increase of the nominal amount of the capital of the Company held by each shareholder and not as income, and further that such new shares shall as from the 1st day of January 1960 rank for dividend (but not so as to entitle them to participate in any dividend declared in respect of the year ending 31st December 1959) and in all other respects *PARI PASSU* with the already issued shares.
2. "That in accordance with Article 11 of the Articles of Association of the Company there shall be offered to members who on the 21st day of September 1959 are the registered holders of the 6,000,000 fully paid-up issued shares of the Company 1,000,000 shares of the Company of the nominal value of \$10 each at par (such nominal value being payable in full upon application on or before the 15th day of December 1959) so that each member of the Company or his approved nominee shall be entitled to apply for and take up one new share for every complete issued six shares then held by such member. The shares so offered shall as from the 1st day of January 1960 rank for dividend (but not so as to entitle them to participate in any dividend declared in respect of the year ending 31st December 1959) and in all other respects *PARI PASSU* with the already issued shares.

"If under the terms of the offer any member would be entitled to a fractional share, the Directors, in lieu of issuing fractional certificates, will cause the whole share to be issued to a person or persons to be named by the Directors and such share shall at such time as the Directors think fit be sold and the nett proceeds distributed among the persons entitled to the fractions making up such shares."

"The Directors will dispose of any shares offered to members in the event of non-payment therefor by members or their approved nominees on or before the 15th day of December 1959 at such time or times in such manner and upon such terms and conditions as they may decide."

It is most important that any persons who have purchased shares in the Company but are not on the Register in respect thereof should, if they wish to take advantage of the offer of such shares, transfer their transfers for registration accompanied by the requisite share certificates on or before Saturday, the 6th day of September 1959.

The offer will be made by notice sent by post to each shareholder specifying the number of shares to which each shareholder is entitled and such offer, if not accepted either on behalf of each member or his nominee on or before the 15th day of December 1959 will be deemed to be declined.

AND NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that the Register of Members will be closed from Monday, the 7th day of September 1959, to Monday, the 21st day of September 1959, both days inclusive.

Dated Hong Kong, this 20th day of August, 1959.

By Order of the Board of Directors,
F. H. FELL,
Secretary.